HERMAN

OF

UNNA.

VOLUME III.

HERMAN OF UNNA:

A

SERIES OF ADVENTURES

OF THE

FIFTEENTH CENTURY,

IN WHICH THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL UNDER THE EMPERORS WINCESLAUS AND SIGISMOND ARE DELINEATED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WRITTEN IN GERMAN

BY PROFESSOR KRAMER.

THE THIRD EDITION.

VOLUME III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATER-NOSTER-ROW, 1796.

[Drawback.]

...ORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S S...

HERMAN OF UNNA:

A

Series of Adventures of the Fifteenth Century, &c.

CHAPTER I.

DAY had begun to make its appearance, and ſome neighbouring peaſants were repairing to their labours, when, arriving at the clump of oaks, near the fall of the brook, they ſaw two ſeemingly human figures, whoſe difficult reſpiration, ſounding in the throat, announced their diſſolution at hand. On a nearer examination they found them to be two young men cloſely embracing, and each pierced with a ſword. As they ſtill breathed, the honeſt peaſants inſtantly reſolved to convey them to the caſtle of madam Unna,

who had frequently, by her care, saved the lives of the sick and wounded; and who, they thought, would certainly not refuse her aid to these unfortunate strangers.

Alicia had detained Senden at Plettenburg as long as she had been able. He yielded the more readily to her solicitations, as he had the same motives for remaining as she for keeping him there.—They had not owned this to each other, as they carefully avoided meeting in private, but they guessed each others thoughts, and felt themselves mutually obliged.

Bernard, solely occupied with the contemplation of his own grandeur, saw nothing in this but the honour received by Ulric in residing five days at his court, and would have had no objection to his remaining there as many more, if Alicia, to whom he was very condescending, because she bore the name of Unna, had desired it.

Ulric, on his side, had reasons to quit the lovely Alicia as soon as possible, and

when Catherine informed him that Herman would depart the Monday after the nativity of the Virgin, he felt the ſame pleaſure as a priſoner emancipated from his chains.

Madam Unna could not refrain from tears when Senden took leave. She recollected the paſt, thought of Herman, and trembled. She requeſted him to return home by way of Ahaus; a requeſt at which Bernard ſmiled, as it was at leaſt more than a mile about; but Ulric readily complied, fully comprehending the motive of Alicia.

The waters, being high, had rendered the road by Ahaus impaſſable. He was therefore obliged to return and take the uſual way. He aſked his ſervants what day of the week it was. They replied that, as it was paſt midnight, the day juſt begun might be called Wedneſday.—"Monday and Wedneſday," ſaid Ulric to himſelf, and he proceeded cheerfully.

Alicia preſaged ſome misfortune. At ſupper ſhe was melancholy; during the night ſhe was reſtleſs. As ſleep forſook her eyes, ſhe roſe, went to the balcony, and looked anxiouſly round as far as the light of the moon would permit her. The dawn ſtill found her there. She endeavoured to diſſipate the fatal preſentiments that haunted her mind. She addreſſed to Heaven her wonted oriſons; ſhe prayed that a day might not paſs without affording her an opportunity of doing good. She knew by experience that the practice of virtue was the beſt means of reſtoring tranquillity to an afflicted heart.

This duty fulfilled, ſhe looked towards the valley, which the purple beams of morn had yet ſcarcely enlightened, and ſhe diſcovered a company of men moving ſlowly towards the caſtle. One of them advanced before the reſt and knocked at the gate.

"What misfortune has happened?
"What are you bringing hither?" Cried Alicia from the balcony.

"Ah, noble lady!" replied the peasant who knew her voice: "is it you? What a "lucky omen! we bring you two unfortu-"nate beings, whom we found lying on "yonder hill covered with blood. They "still breathe. We have bound up their "wounds as well as we were able; the rest "we must leave to you; God always gives "a blessing to your charitable deeds."

Alicia staid not to hear all he said, but ran to open the door herself, and in her way she awoke some of the servants who slept in the anti-chamber, that they might get ready the necessary apparatus for the wounded strangers.

The domestics of this benevolent female had long known, from experience, how to act on such occasions. Alicia, before she married, had been the friend, the comforter, the nurse of the sick, and she thought herself happy in having a husband who

allowed her full liberty in the exercife of her benevolent difpofition.

In thofe days it was accounted honourable to do good, and the pride of Bernard was not a little flattered when his wife was ftyled a fecond Elizabeth; a faint whofe glory, in his eyes, was greatly enhanced by her being defcended from a royal houfe.

It was not from fuch paltry motives that Alicia was prompted to benevolence; but fhe was prudent enough to avail herfelf of her hufband's weaknefs and vanity, that fhe might purfue, unreftrained, her own inclinations.

Having opened the gate, fhe went to meet the wounded, to fee that they were carried gently and with care. Approaching fhe beheld the face of Ulric, covered with the fhades of death, Herman fcarcely breathing, and fhe fell as devoid of life as either of them.

Her fervants flew to her affiftance, and fhe was conveyed, together with her two

dying friends, to the caſtle. At length ſhe opened her eyes, and ſeeing a crowd about her, ſhe made a ſign for all, who were not abſolutely neceſſary, to leave her, in order to aſſiſt Ulric and Herman. Her fears for theſe two unfortunate beings revived her ſtrength, and ſhe was ſoon able to repair to their chamber to examine their ſituation, and the treatment it required.

The ſteward, an expert ſurgeon, had already ſo far recovered Herman that he could open his eyes, and when his ſiſter-in-law appeared, he was able to call her by her name, and convey her hand to his lips. Ulric of Senden was ſtill in a ſwoon. A feeble pulſation of the heart was all that announced him alive. His wound was much deeper than Herman's. Againſt Herman he had lifted his ſword with regret; againſt himſelf his arm had exerted all its ſtrength.

By the indefatigable cares of Alicia, and the ſkill of her ſervants, Senden and Herman were at length both extricated from

their danger: but to the latter ſhe was more particularly attentive, as Catherine had been ſent for to ſuperintend her huſband. Herman's regard for his charming ſiſter-in-law, and the confidence ſhe repoſed in him, increaſed every day from the habitude of ſeeing each other, and ſoon there was eſtabliſhed between them as great an intimacy, as we have obſerved, in the preceding volume, to have ſubſiſted between duke Albert of Auſtria and the lovely Ida. There was this difference, however; Herman could not be ſuſpected of entertaining for Alicia ſentiments warmer than thoſe of friendſhip, whereas many of my readers may perhaps have judged otherwiſe reſpecting the feelings of Albert.

A few weeks after their arrival at Plettenburg, Herman was able to ſit up, and Ulric was ſufficiently recovered to ſend Catherine home to prepare for his return.—Herman had a thouſand queſtions to aſk reſpecting Ulric, and madam Unna was more inclined to anſwer them than formerly.—

She now knew enough of her brother-in-law to venture to open to him her heart. The pains ſhe had taken on his account had rendered him more dear to her. She confeſſed the hiſtory of Senden to be ſo interwoven with hers, that it was impoſſible for her to relate what Herman was deſirous of knowing, without making him the confidant of her own adventures.

Hitherto Alicia had not been able to gratify the impatient curioſity of Herman, becauſe her huſband ſcarcely ever quitted the chamber of the convaleſcent, with whoſe converſation he was much entertained. At length, however, Bernard thought proper to viſit Engelrading, where the lords of Ravenſberg and Meerveldt gave a tournament, and this firſt leiſure moment was employed as will be ſeen in the following chapter.

CHAPTER II.

" HOW ſhall I relate to you," ſaid Alicia, " events that will open all the ancient " wounds of my heart, and perhaps re- " preſent me to your eyes in an unfavour- " able light! You will forgive the weak- " neſs of a woman, if the remembrance of " what is paſt draw from her ſome tears. I " call heaven to witneſs, that Ulric is no " longer ſo dear to me as he was: yet I " own that I cannot ſee him without ſome " degree of emotion. At ſight of him I " experience a ſenſation which I am un- " able to define. It is not the remnant of " a love ſubdued; it is a mixture of dread, " fear, and compaſſion . . . . Whatever it " be, you ſhall hear, and judge.

" Without doubt, my ſiſter-in-law, Ca- " therine, has informed you that I am of " the family of Langen, purſued for ſome " years by the ſecret tribunal. My fa-

" ther's difputes with the bifhop of Ofna-
" bruck relate not to my narrative. He
" fell a victim to the bifhop's rancour; as
" did my mother, who died of grief in the
" flower of her age, in confequence of
" which I became the ward of my elder
" brother.

" Conrad loved me; he took as much
" care of me as a father could have done;
" and his confidence in me was fo great,
" that he left me perfectly miftrefs of my
" actions. In his caftle I was as I am here:
" I was treated not as his ward, but as the
" miftrefs of the houfe.

" My brother was frequently abfent
" from home for months together. God
" knows why. I fear he was then engaged
" in what brought on him the perfecution
" he now fuffers. His conduct was fre-
" quently rafh and inconfiderate; and his
" enemies reprefented it in colours that
" made it appear ftill more reprehenfible.
" I confidered it as a duty incumbent on
" me to repair, by prayers and good deeds

" at home, the evil Conrad did abroad; and
" thus to divert the divine vengeance from
" our houſe, which had already experienced
" ſo many misfortunes. My actions might
" be good and laudable in themſelves; the
" poor, the ſick, the aged, found ſhelter
" and relief at the caſtle of Langen; but I
" carried my benevolence too far, I applied
" it not with ſufficient diſcretion, and I was
" puniſhed by the loſs of my peace.

" Ulric of Senden having been wounded
" in a ſingle combat, at a ſmall diſtance
" from the caſtle, his ſervants brought him
" to us, and begged aſſiſtance for their
" maſter. A ſtrict regard to decorum, per-
" haps, would have required me to refuſe
" my aid to a handſome young knight, and
" to ſend him to the monks of a neighbour-
" ing convent, who alſo did many charitable
" acts. But my ſenſibility ſuffered me to
" think of nothing but the danger of the
" wounded young man. Senden was con-
" ſequently taken into our houſe; I attend-
" ed him as if he had been a brother; he

"recovered; and .... compaſſion on the "one hand, and gratitude on the other, "gave birth to friendſhip, which was not "long growing up to love.

"Happy in each others affection, hope "and innocence never quitted us. But, O "celeſtial days! whither are you flown?

"Ulric ſtaid not long at the caſtle after "his cure. His duty and decorum called "him elſewhere. We had ſeen enough of "each other to be ſenſible that we loved, "and to imagine that we ſhould love for "ever. We exchanged mutual vows. It "was neceſſary, that Senden ſhould make "a few more campaigns, to acquire glory "and honours; and I purpoſed to remain "at the head of my brother's houſehold, till "Beatrice of Meerveldt ſhould aſſume the "charge. It was agreed, that Ulric ſhould "then demand me in marriage. I could "not ſuppoſe Conrad would refuſe me to "the man whom my heart ſhould prefer. "I thought, on the contrary, that his af- "fection for me would induce him to con-

" tribute every thing he could to our union, " my happineſs being too dear to him, " my will too ſacred, for him to oppoſe " my inclinations. Beſides, he was rich, " and could beſtow on me a portion ſuffi- " cient to compenſate the ſcanty fortune of " Ulric.

" Winter arrived. The expeditions of " the knights were leſs frequent. My bro- " ther returned to his caſtle. A number " of waggons laden with booty followed " him; and I could not help aſking, whe- " ther it were honeſtly acquired. An " auſtere look, the firſt I believe he ever " gave me, preceded his anſwer. ' Wo- " men,' ſaid he, ' know nothing of the " laws of war, or the privileges of nobility: " it becomes them, therefore, on ſuch ſub- " jects, to be ſilent.'

" I was ſilent, and had ſoon more oc- " caſions than one to accuſtom myſelf to " it. During the winter, Conrad never " quitted his caſtle, except that he went " ſometimes to hunt in the neighburing

" forest. His companions in arms visited " him frequently. They were faces I had " never seen, the rugged features of which " confined me to the solitude of my cham- " ber. Their noisy revelry disturbed my " tranquillity by day, and my sleep by " night. I ardently wished to be no longer " witness to this irregular life; and I wait- " ed with impatience the return of the sea- " son, when the knights would again take " the field. Still more eagerly did I look " for the moment, when Ulric should come " to seek his betrothed love, the good " Ulric, in whose peaceful habitation I " hoped to spend days that might be en- " vied.

" Conrad, who scrupled not to profane " the eves of our festivals by his de- " bauchery, was engaged, on the eve of " Epiphany, in a drinking party, consisting " of the most dissolute young men of the " country. I, who considered my charms " as sacred to Ulric—yes, Herman, I " could then boast some charms—and who

" chose not to expose them to the view of " drunkards, was absent on this occasion. " After taking care that the guests should " want nothing, I retired with my women " to the balcony which looks towards the " forest, that I might be out of the reach " of the frightful clamour, with which the " castle resounded, and enjoy the calm of a " fine winter evening. Nature ever ap- " peared to me charming even in her un- " dress. The light of the stars was reflected " by the surrounding snow. My women " shivered with cold, and I dismissed them " to their beds: for my part, love and the " thoughts of Ulric rendered me insensible " to the rigour of the season. I thought on " the verdant alcove where I had sat by his " side; I thought on the garland of flowers, " crowned with which, he was soon to lead " me to the altar.

" So deeply was I absorbed in my reve- " ries, that I did not at first perceive two " men who issued from the neighbouring " wood, and seemed to glide towards the " castle. From the whiteness of the snow,

" they appeared to me to be in black. I
" was not raſh enough to deny the appa-
" rition of ſpirits, as my brother ſometimes
" did, and was afraid therefore, for a mo-
" ment, to look a ſecond time on theſe ter-
" rifying objects. Curioſity, however, and
" the poſſeſſion of a good conſcience, gave
" me courage. I roſe and looked down.
" The men were now ſo near the gate I
" could not ſee them. They gave three
" loud knocks, that reverberated afar from
" the vaulted porch, and, immediately re-
" tiring, they diſappeared in the foreſt.

" The caſtle was inſtantly alarmed.—
" The centinel on the tower ſounded his
" trumpet; lights appeared on the battle-
" ments; the vaults under me reſounded
" with the ſteps of our cavaliers, who ran
" to open the gate. Twenty voices ſpoke
" at once, ſo that I could not underſtand a
" word. Soon I heard my brother and his
" gueſts: Conrad ſwore, his drunken com-
" panions laughed. My heart throbbed; I
" preſaged ſome fatal event. I called up
" my women, and ſent them to liſten.—

" They ſoon returned to inform me, that
" the company was ſuddenly diſperſed,
" and that my brother was coming to tell
" me himſelf the occaſion of the alarm.
" My attendants wept, and I wept with
" them, diſtreſſed and diſquieted by anxi-
" ous doubts.

" Conrad made his appearance, pale as
" death. He informed me .... Good God!
" what could be more terrible? .... that
" he was cited before the ſecret tribunal of
" Oſnabruck, to give an account of certain
" actions, concerning which I had ſo often
" remonſtrated with him. I trembled,
" though I knew not yet the extent of our
" misfortune. My brother ſpent half
" the night in diſcloſing to me the hor-
" rors of that terrible tribunal, and to
" convince me, that he could not, and
" durſt not, appear to anſwer the citation
" affixed by the free judges to the gate of
" the caſtle. I was of a different opinion,
" and we parted half in anger.

" The day following, I threw myſelf in
" terrs at my brother's feet, to intreat him

"to appear before his judges. 'Do you "know what you aſk?' cried he: 'nothing "leſs than my death. What at Oſnabruck "is called my crime, is as certain as if it "were proved. If I were to appear there-"fore, you would never ſee me again; "while on the other hand, prudence, "courage, and flight, may ſave me.'

"I leave you to gueſs how little ſuch a "declaration was calculated to quiet my "apprehenſions. His crime proved; his "death certain; flight his only reſource; "what a melancholy ſituation!—My anxi-"ety, and the exertions I made to find "ſome method of extricating him f om his "danger, were near depriving me of reaſon "and of life. In the mean time, my bro-"ther went in and out of his caſtle freely, "and without being diſturbed. No one in-"ſulted him, no one ſaid a ſingle word to "him. He ſoon reſumed his old habits, "and the companions of his debaucheries "re-appeared. I myſelf ſhared his ſecu-"rity, and had almoſt forgotten the affair, "when the free judges came a ſecond time

"to knock at the gate, and thus renewed
"the terror with which they had before in-
"spired me.

"The fear excited in me by the ap-
"proaching danger was this time more
"acute; but it was not of long duration.
"I observed that the sun shone on us as
"bright as before, and that both nature and
"man treated us as kindly. At length the
"visit of these nightly disturbers, as Con-
"rad called them, seemed to me a childish
"sport, and I thought little of it, when one
"morning my women came to tell me,
"that the free judges had come that night
"for the third time, and that my brother
"had pulled their placard from the gate,
"torn it to pieces, and forbidden any one
"to mention it.

"In fact, Conrad said not a word to me
"on the subject. Yet his anxiety and dis-
"tress were apparent in spite of his endea-
"vours to conceal them. I was so little
"accustomed to see him in this state, that
"I readily perceived it, and relapsed into

" my former fears. The consequences
" justified them but too well. Conrad had
" hitherto enjoyed his usual tranquillity,
" only from the silence that was observed
" respecting his misfortune: but when, by
" the flight of one of our demestics, it be-
" came known that he was pursued by the
" secret tribunal, every thing assumed a dif-
" ferent face. At the first citation, as I now
" learnt, the greater part of my brother's
" servants, who were not vassals attached to
" the glebe, gave notice that they should
" quit him, and it was only by dint of
" promises and presents that he retained
" them. But after the third citation no-
" thing could induce them to stay. Even
" my women left me, one only excepted.
" The neighbouring ladies avoided meet-
" ing me, and Beatrice of Meerveldt, on
" whose faith Conrad had placed the firmest
" confidence, gave him to understand, that
" she renounced his alliance.

" ' It is over with me,' said Conrad, one
" day, as I entered his chamber, on his

" ſending for me : ' behold the fourth cita-
" tion ! The free judges affixed it to the
" gate of the caſtle in open day, and took
" away with them three ſtones from the
" wall. I am condemned if I do not ap-
" pear ; and if I do, I ſhall never ſee you
" more, till we meet in eternity. I muſt
" be gone, my ſiſter : have pity on me,
" and do not abandon me, as others have
" done : favour my eſcape, conceal it as
" long as you can, and then fly yourſelf.
" Remain with me during this terrible in-
" terval ; remain, Alicia, or I ſhall be
" forced firſt to pierce thy heart, and then
" my own.'

" ' Fly ? abandon you !' cried I, in tears.
" Alas ! I will follow you, if you wiſh it :
" I will ſhare your fate, though . . . .
" though I partook not in your crimes.

" Ah, do not reproach me ! No : you
" have committed no crime, but, on the
" contrary, have often warned me of mine.
" Yet, Alicia do not reproach me, or you
" will drive me to deſpair.

" The ſituation of my brother was de-
" plorable. It filled me at once with fear,
" pity, and an extreme, but painful tender-
" neſs. He ſeemed to think only of me; I
" appeared to be his only conſolation; and
" he would not loſe me a moment from
" his ſight, accompanying me wherever I
" was obliged to go to make the neceſſary
" preparations for his journey.

" They were ſoon completed. I packed
" up all the jewels he had given me, that
" they might be a reſource to him in his
" need. I would keep no part of thoſe
" treaſures, which had perhaps coſt my
" brother the happineſs of his life.

" Conrad, at his departure, embraced
" me with the tendereſt affection. He la-
" mented his being obliged to leave me
" without any kind of protection. ' Why,'
" ſaid he, ' was I not allowed firſt to place
" thee in the hands of a worthy huſband?
" But thy beauty, thy virtues, thy attach-
" ment to a brother forſaken by all the
" world, of which thou haſt given ſuch

"ſtriking proofs, will gain thee a thouſand
"hearts, and thou mayeſt yet be happy.'
"'How!' anſwered I, weeping, 'can I
"think of love and marriage, while you are
"unfortunate? Hear me, my brother. I
"ſwear by all that is moſt ſacred, that,
"even if I knew the man who was one day
"to become my huſband, I would refuſe
"him my hand, till I was aſſured of your
"ſafety, your happineſs.'

"'Do not, my dear ſiſter, do not enter
"into ſo raſh an engagement. You have
"need of a protector. There is nothing I
"ſo ardenly wiſh, as that you were at-
"tached to a man of honour, and that he
"was here at this moment that I might
"inſtantly confide you to his care.'

"The colour came into my face, and I
"dared not anſwer. I thought of Ulric,
"lately returned from a campaign in Italy,
"whom I expected every day. 'Why,'
"thought I, with a ſigh, 'does he not now
"make his appearance? Could they but
"meet!'

" 'I requeſt but one favour,' ſaid Conrad, embracing me again, 'one ſingle favour: do not give your hand to one of my perſecutors; you are too good, too handſome, to become the prey of a demon!'

" I promiſed what he wiſhed, and we tore ourſelves from each other's arms.— Perhaps we had already waſted too much time; in our critical ſituation every moment was precious.

" Weeping I returned to my chamber, and there found conſolation: My dear Ulric had ſent me an expreſs, who had entered while I was accompanying my brother by a private way out of the caſtle.

" 'O' cried I, 'where is thy maſter? Why was he not here an hour ſooner, if, as I hope, he is in the neighbourhood?'

" 'He is coming, madam; he will be here in a moment; he begs to ſpeak to you in private; and requeſts you will admit him by the back gate.'

" 'Does he come that way!' replied I, " with joy: 'then he will meet my bro- " ther; he will see him, and may speak to " him of our love!—Does he know my " brother?'

" 'No: said the man, with a look of " alarm: 'No, madam, I believe not.— " But has Mr. Langen indeed taken the " road which my master is coming?'

" 'Yes, yes; they must meet. Ah, if " they do but know, if they do not miss " each other!'

" 'But your brother, is he not pursued " by the secret tribunal?'

" 'What a question?' replied I. 'Would " you . . . . but no: I cannot suspect a " confident of Ulric.'

" 'I must leave you, I must leave you,' " cried the servant, 'I must hasten to pre- " vent a misfortune.'

" I saw him depart, more dead than " alive with fear. 'What is he going to " do?' thought I: 'To prevent a misfor- " tune, or to commit a treachery? . . . Yet,

" he is a ſervant of Ulric . . . . No: he
" cannot be a traitor. Is he not the ſole
" confident of our loves? the ſole meſſenger
" of our ſecrets? Have I ever remarked
" in him a ſuſpicious action?'

" I walked backwards and forwards in
" my chamber in agitation inconceivable.
" Now I ran to the window, then to the
" door, to ſee if Ulric were coming . . . .
" 'Where can he ſtay?' ſaid I . . . . 'Did
" not his meſſenger ſay, that he would be
" here in a moment?'

" Evening came, but no Ulric. I was
" ſitting in my chamber alone, without
" light, and giving up myſelf wholly to my
" grief, when ſuddenly the door opened; a
" man appeared; I ſhould have taken him
" for Ulric from his figure, which I could
" yet diſtinguiſh, notwithſtanding the dark-
" neſs, and from the palpitation of my
" heart, the moment he entered, had he not,
" inſtead of running to throw himſelf at my
" feet, advanced gently a few ſteps, then

" again drawn back, and, leaning againſt
" the wall, turned his face from me.

" 'Who are you?' ſaid I, with a tre-
" mulous voice.

" A ſigh was the only anſwer I re-
" ceived.

" 'Is it not you, Ulric?' added I; and I
" ran to him with open arms. 'Yes, it
" is: that ſigh betrays you.'

" 'Retire, madam, retire: do not touch
" me; my hands are ſtained with blood.'

" 'With blood! Alas, Ulric, you are
" wounded! Help! Help!'

" 'No, I am not wounded; but have
" inflicted a wound,' ſaid he, with a furi-
" ous tone.

" 'And whom have you wounded?'
" aſked I, trembling.

" 'Your brother, whom his cruel fate
" delivered into my hands.'

" My waiting woman, who had heard
" me cry for help, now entered with a light.
" Ulric and I ſtood facing each other, living
" pictures of the deepeſt deſpair. My

" countenance ſpoke my feelings : his was " pale and wan, he had a ſword in his " hand, and was covered with blood.

" 'My brother!' replied I, after a long " ſilence: 'my brother! The blood then " with which thy hands are polluted is " Conrad's? Wretch that thou art, what " has impelled thee to the perpetration of " ſo black a deed?'

" 'Alas! dire neceſſity. I am bound " by a terrible oath.'

" 'Neceſſity compel thee to aſſaſſinate " my brother! . . . . Oh, villain!'

" 'Ah, why did I encounter him! Why " did you ſend him to meet me? You " knew that I ſought to avoid him; did " not my meſſenger tell you ſo?'

" 'Your meſſenger! Neceſſity! a ter- " rible oath!' cried I, without knowing " what I ſaid, and I fell ſenſeleſs into the " arms of my ſervant.

" When I came to myſelf Ulric was " gone. The maid who ſupported me ſaid, " that he had muttered ſome unintelligible

"words, and at laſt retired, declaring, that "he would juſtify himſelf, and I ſhould be "forced to pardon him.

"'Pardon him! . . . Pardon him the "death of my brother!'

"I paſſed the night in the moſt dread- "ful agitation. The impoſſibility of de- "veloping this inextricable labyrinth almoſt "diſtracted me. Morning brought new "griefs. A report was ſpread, that Con- "rad had been arreſted near his caſtle by "the free judges, and conducted to the "priſon of Oſnabruck.

"A cold ſweat bedewed my face, when "I heard the fatal news. A terrible "myſtery began to unfold itſelf to my eyes, "and the preſſure of my griefs almoſt ren- "dered me inſenſible.

"Ulric's ſervant, who a few hours after "requeſted to be admitted to my preſence, "converted my conjectures into certainty. "He would not avow, that his maſter was a "member of the ſecret tribunal; their oath, "you know, obliges them to ſecreſy on that

" head; but the circumſtances he related, " to juſtify Ulric, proved it too clearly.

" He owned that his maſter had heard " of my brother's misfortune, had been " greatly affected by it, had ſworn to carry " me away ſecretly, with or without my " conſent, and that, reſolved to avoid " Conrad, and diſplaying the greateſt ap- " prehenſion of meeting him on the road, " he had ſent this ſervant before, in order " to prevent the interview he dreaded.

" 'But this deſtiny,' added the ſervant, " rendered all theſe precautions vain, by " throwing Conrad in his way. My maſter " knew him not: but ſeeing a cavalier com- " ing from the caſtle, he ſuſpected it to be " your brother, and deemed it not incom- " patible with his duty to turn back, and " thus avoid the ſad neceſſity of attacking " him. He hid himſelf in the wood, let " Conrad paſs, and then reſumed his way, " hoping to arrive quietly at the caſtle, " when another perſon appeared, with whom " he was alſo unacquainted, but who ſoon

" made himſelf known in a manner, that
" threw Ulric into the greateſt conſterna-
" tion. He whiſpered in his ear the com-
" miſſion with which he was charged; de-
" claring at the ſame time, that, alone, he
" was too weak to execute it, and therefore
" claimed his aſſiſtance. My maſter
" ſtarted ſome difficulties; when the
" ſtranger uttered certain words that com-
" pelled him to follow. They went toge-
" ther, and found your brother and ano-
" ther knight repoſing under a tree. This
" knight ſeems to have been led there by
" chance, and probably knew not with
" whom he was in company; yet he thought
" himſelf obliged in honour to take the
" part of a man attacked by two at once.—
" They fought; my maſter and his com-
" rade were victors; your brother's ſecond
" was put to flight, and himſelf, after be-
" ing ſeverely wounded, was made priſoner,
" and conveyed to Oſnabruck.'

" Ulric, as his domeſtic aſſured me,
" behaved nobly in the combat. He re-

" fused to assist in conducting Conrad to
" prison, and hastened to me, to confess
" the crime he had been obliged to commit,
" and implore my pardon. I answered, I
" had no pardon to grant him, he might
" possibly have acted agreeably to his cruel
" duty, but it was no longer permitted me
" to think of a man through whom my
" brother was about to die an infamous
" death : I had vowed besides never to be
" the wife of one of his persecutors, and ....
" we were separated for ever. I desired
" the servant to impart this to his master.

" Ulric came to me, to convince me of
" his innocence. Our interview was pain-
" ful. Love and duty assailed me by turns ;
" but duty conquered, and Ulric was for-
" ever banished from my sight.

" I shall pass over the regret I, perhaps,
" afterwards felt, respecting the conduct I
" had pursued on this occasion, particularly
" when my brother had escaped from pri-
" son, and a more perfect acquaintance
" with the terrible oath, which obliged Ul-

"ric and his comrades to commit ſuch "acts of ſavage barbarity, had taught me "to excuſe him.

"Before the period arrived, when I "might have indulged ſuch regret, I was "become the wife of Bernard, and Ulric "the huſband of Catherine. Theſe double "ties forbad us ever to think of each other, "and nothing was left for us but to forget "the paſt.

"Having recited theſe circumſtances, I "need not tell you, that your ſituation re-"called moſt painfully to my mind theſe "early events of my life; and that I had "ſufficient reaſon to warn you not to con-"tract an intimacy with Ulric. I knew "him: I was aware of the rigour of his "duty; and I could not but fear, what "has ſince happened, a repetition of my "brother's cataſtrophe."

"Thanks, thanks to that fate," cried Herman, preſſing the hand of Alicia to his heart, "which has made you my ſiſter-"in-law, and has willed, that, though I was

" deaf to your counſel, I ſhould ſtill owe
" my life to you."

" Poor young man," replied ſhe, " how
" did I wiſh, that my fears, my terrors, on
" your account, might be the means of
" ſparing you the ſmalleſt of your ſuffer-
" ings! Meanwhile, I too ought to thank
" Heaven for having given me a brother
" like you, and that I have at leaſt found
" in my huſband's family one man whom
" I can really eſteem . . . . independently
" of him, to whom my reſpect and attach-
" ment are due."

Theſe laſt words did not eſcape Herman. He perceived that Alicia's attention to her huſband were founded ſolely on a ſentiment of duty, attachment, and the gratitude with which his tenderneſs muſt naturally inſpire a mind ſuch as her's. He could not, therefore, avoid aſking how ſhe had become his wife.

" My brother's affairs," anſwered ſhe,
" were in a bad ſtate. Such of his poſſeſ-
" ſions as were entailed, were veſted in the

"hands of truſtees, and a guardian was "appointed me. This guardian was your "brother. You may gueſs the reſt. He "took a liking to me, and aſked my hand. "I was poor, forlorn, ſeparated from my "lover, and . . . . I married him.

"Nothing has diſturbed our union.— "Gratitude has ſupplied the place of love "in my heart; and my huſband's ſenti- "ments for me have been powerfully ſup- "ported by the vanity of having become "the protector of an unfortunate orphan; "and by the univerſal applauſe beſtowed "on his choice. I have been happy "enough to conceal from him, and from "all the world, my firſt attachment, and "to prevent any miſunderſtanding be- "tween him and my former lover. My "conduct has been ſuch, that I have never "received from your brother the ſmalleſt "reproach. Soon after my marriage, "Ulric became my brother-in-law: how "diſtreſſing therefore would it have been,

" had I given cause for suspicion, or
" distrust!"

" But there is one circumstance, that is
" still a mystery," said Herman. " How
" was it possible for Ulric so soon to console
" himself? and how, after having lost an
" Alicia, could he wed a Catherine?"

" With that I am little acquainted," an-
" swered Alicia: " yet, I will tell you
" what I know, and what are my conjec-
" tures. Catherine of Unna, having an in-
" superable aversion to the life of a cloister
" to which she was destined, imagined that
" the surest way of escaping her impend-
" ing fate would be to have recourse to the
" enemy of her family, the old count of
" Unna. This protector of the oppressed
" received her with open arms; he thought
" her ill-used, that she had sufficient rea-
" son to complain, and promised to find
" her a husband. It was at his house, she
" became acquainted with Mr. de Senden.
" At that time the features of Catherine
" were more agreeable than at present; and

"ſhe had the art of concealing the defects
"of her mind.

"The heart of Ulric breathed nothing
"but revenge, for the change that had
"taken place in my ſentiments reſpecting
"him. He probably thought he ſhould
"give me pain, by marrying my ſiſter-in-
"law, and thus became as it were a living
"reproach in my eyes, of what he had
"termed my inconſtancy. In his marriage
"he unhappily found his own puniſhment;
"as you may judge from the manner in
"which it was effected. The count of
"Unna was too warmly attached to Ulric,
"and knew too well the diſpoſition of Ca-
"therine to diſapprove the match. He
"married them, however, at his earneſt
"entreaty, and then left them to their
"fate."

CHAPTER III.

HERMAN was not perfectly ſatisfied with the explanation Alicia had given of certain particulars in her narrative; but it would not, he thought, have been decorous openly to have confeſſed it. His firſt difficulties related to the marriage of Catherine; the next to that part of Alicia's ſtory which reſpected the myſteries of the ſecret tribunal; myſteries, that are now become, in many reſpects, unfathomable, and of which the documents that have reached us afford but little information.

Ulric of Senden was a principal object of his reflections. The unhappy adventure of the oaks had not extinguiſhed in the heart of Herman the inclination he had previouſly felt for his brother-in-law.—Though the event had nearly coſt him his life, it lowered not Ulric in his eyes, but increaſed his eſteem for him. Even his be-

haviour towards Conrad, was, in his opinion, eafily juftified. A man, who had the courage to facrifice his deareft inclinations to his fuppofed duty, deferved, as he thought, refpect and admiration, or at leaft compaffion. No doubt he judged erroneoufly, or at leaft extended his maxim too far; but he lived in an age that muft have infpired notions different from ours.

Alicia, at heart, perhaps, more attached to Senden than fhe had avowed, was little qualified to rectify the judgment of Herman on this occafion: fhe endeavoured, however, to divert him from his project of continuing to feek the friendfhip of Ulric, and to convince him, that no intimacy could fubfift between them, while the fentence of the fecret tribunal remained in force.

" But he loves me." faid Herman, interrupting her; " he himfelf declared, at
" the dreadful moment, that his heart was
" irrefiftibly drawn towards mine . . . .
" Can he fuppofe that he has not already
" fufficiently fulfilled his cruel duty by

" the blood he had ſhed; and that he may " not henceforward live in friendſhip with " me?"

" Do as you pleaſe," anſwered Alicia, with a ſigh: " take it not ill of me, how- " ever, if I never leave you a ſingle mo- " ment alone; and if when I cannot " watch you myſelf, I appoint others to " ſupply my place."

Herman availed himſelf of the firſt inſtant of his perfect recovery, to viſit Ulric. Joy ſparkled in the eyes of Senden, when he beheld our young hero cured of his wound, though it was ſoon obſcured by a tear. He advanced to meet him with open arms, as if he would have preſſed him to his boſom: but, recollecting himſelf, this cordial reception was exchanged for a cold and formal bow.

" Is it then poſſible," cried Herman, " to move thy heart in my favour? Have " I not been able, though at the price of " my blood, to purchaſe thy friendſhip?"

Ulric turned afide to conceal his emotion. "One day, perhaps," anfwered he, preffing his hand: "one day, perhaps ". . . . but at prefent it is impoffible.— "Believe me, I am more unfortunate than "yourfelf."

Alicia, who was prefent, turned the converfation to Herman's adventure near Fritzlar, and he related, in a manner fo clear, the falfe appearances which had occafioned him to be accufed of the murder of duke Frederic; and the motives which had induced the tribunal of princes at Nuremberg to pronounce him innocent, that the leaft fufpicion refpecting him could not remain. Ulric begged him not to forget the caufe of his flight, and the bufinefs that had brought him into this part of the world; and, when Herman had fully fatisfied him on this fubject, Senden fell into a profound reverie, from which the converfation of Alicia and our knight, could with difficulty roufe him.

"Herman," faid he, at length, "confider, that I am not thy judge, if I

"were, heaven knows how favourable I "ſhould perhaps be to thee!"

"You muſt, you ſhall be my judge!" cried Herman, "and tell me, what you "think in your heart of my character and "ſituation!"

"For God's ſake," replied Ulric, "ſpeak "no more to me of things, reſpecting which "I am forbidden to be explicit."

Theſe laſt words vexed Alicia, and made Herman ſad. They parted from Ulric. Bernard returned from Engelrading; the time for confidential interviews was paſt; they met only at table. Herman, who felt his ſtrength renewed, grew tired of remaining longer at the caſtle. He reflected on his buſineſs with the old count of Unna; he had been obliged to ſuſpend it but too long, and he haſtened to depart.

Madam Unna, adviſed him not to inform her huſband that he was going to viſit the enemy of their family; but, as the abbeſs of Marienhagen knew his deſign, it was no ſecret to Bernard. Every ima-

ginable means were employed to induce him to renounce his intention. Bernard reprefented to him the difgrace it would be, to demand fuccour and protection of the count, while he had fuch a brother as himfelf. Urfula cited the ftory of Catherine, who had formerly had recourfe to the old gentleman, without obtaining any thing from him but the hand of a man who loved her not. They went fo far even as to invent numberlefs obftacles to hinder Herman from executing his defign; but he remained unfhaken in his refolution, and difappointed them all, by departing in the night, without taking leave of them. He ran, however, to bid adieu to the good nuns of Uberwaffer, and thence repaired in hafte to the caftle of Senden, to embrace the children of Catherine.

Ulric, who was perfectly cured, had quitted Plettenburg before Herman. The latter hoped to find his brother-in-law at home, and have a friendly interview with him; but he was told by Catherine, that

he had ſet out on a journey the evening be-fore, and that ſhe had reaſon to believe, he was gene to the old count of Unna.

At every inn where he ſtopped, Herman found his ſiſter's ſuppoſition confirmed. Ulric had regularly preceded him a few hours, and when he entered the caſtle of Unna, he perceived ſome of Senden's at-tendants in the court.

At firſt he knew not what to think of the circumſtance: but the ingenioufneſs of his own mind, ſoon removed his apprehen-ſions. Ulric might have buſineſs with the count of Unna, as well as himſelf; indeed, this muſt neceſſarily be the caſe, the count being the chief of the ſecret tribunal in that diſtrict, and Senden one of the free judges.

In thoſe days it had not yet become cuſtomary to dance attendance for days to-gether in a great man's anti-chamber, with-out obtaining an audience. He who firſt arrived, was firſt introduced. Herman,

therefore, was no ſooner announced, than admitted. He entered, and found Ulric at the door.

The place rendered any converſation between them impoſſible. They embreced, indeed, as they paſſed; but this embrace was ſo cold on the part of Senden, that Herman was ſtruck with it, and could not help ſuſpecting the nature of the motive that had brought him to Unna.

The old count, whoſe locks were white as ſnow, but whoſe eyes were animated with all the fire of youth, caſt on Herman, as he entered, a ſevere and penetrating look "Who are you, young man?" ſaid he with ſolemn gravity.

The venerable aſpect of the count, and the air of dignity imprinted on all his features, impelled Herman, as he named himſelf, to bow before him more profoundly than he had been wont to kings themſelves.

"What is your buſineſs?"

"To demand juſtice."

"Rafh youth! For the murder of "duke Frederic, to demand juftice, is to "expofe himfelf to the danger of lofing his "head."

"I am not the murderer of duke Fre- "deric."

"Prove it."

"My own heart, and this teftimony of "the duke of Auftria, are my proofs."

"The firft, thine heart, I am unable "to read; and the fecond is infufficient.— "The duke of Auftria was not prefent "when the crime was committed."

"God then, whofe eye was alike open "both on the affaffin and on me: him I "call to witnefs."

"Appearances are againft you?"

"What equitable judge permits him- "felf to be determined by appearances!"

"I fit not here as your judge."

"Be fo then, as my friend, as the friend "of innocence oppreffed."

"As your relation, if you pleafe; as a "perfon, who wifhes to fee you juftified. "But, why fo dilatory, young man, in

"having recourſe to me. I perceive an "irreſolution in your conduct which "agrees not with innocence. I have been "informed that you came purpoſely to aſk "my advice; but that, feeling it too irk-"ſome to wait my return, you thought "proper to reſort to perſons whom I hate, "with whom you had hitherto lived your-"ſelf on bad terms, and with whom you "have now, it ſeems, ſuddenly become re-"conciled. Their hatred would have re-"commended you more effectually than "their friendſhip; they are a curſed race, "from which there has not ſprung a ſingle "individual, worthy of eſteem, for two ge-"nerations."

"My lord, they are my brothers and "ſiſters."

"Yes, unfortunately; but for that, "you would be more welcome to me."

"Can the count of Unna, the chief of "the firſt tribunal in the world, give "judgment ſo partially? Beſides, there are

"in my family an Agnes and a Petronilla, "an Alicia of Langen, and an Ulric of Senden."

"Leave the women to themſelves; they "enter not into the account; and as to Ulric of Senden . . . ."

"Upon my honour," ſaid Herman, interrupting him, and lifting his hands to heaven, "I believe him to be the nobleſt "of human beings."

"What, he whoſe murderous ſword had "nearly deprived you of life!"

"He did his duty . . . . . No doubt, I "am hated by him; perhaps even purſued by him hither. Yet I cannot but "love him."

The count was ſilent, caſt down his eyes, and appeared deeply abſorbed in thought. "Yes," replied he, "after a long interval, "Ulric has been with me; he has ſaid a "great deal concerning you, and has occaſioned no ſmall alteration in the reception I ſhould have given you . . . . You

" may withdraw: when I have need of your " preſence I will ſend for you."

Herman retired, his heart filled with a thouſand different ſenſations.

" Beware, however, of flying," cried the count of Unna, as he went out: " your " purſuers are every where."

" Flying!" replied Herman with a tone of contempt: " innocence cannot fly."

Thus ended an audience, from which ſo much had been expected, and on which the duke of Auſtria had built every hope for his favourite. In the count, Herman deſcried nothing but the haughty relation, the prejudiced judge, whoſe good diſpoſition towards him, he ſuſpected, had been poiſoned by perfidious manœuvres.

" He has ſaid a great deal concerning " e ! he has occaſioned no ſmall change " in my reception!" ſaid Herman to himſelf. " Ah! Ulric, Ulric! I could par- " don thee the ſhedding my blood, but " theſe falſe imputations againſt me, to a " man on whom I placed all my hope!—

"No: this I cannot pardon . . . . Thy "duty may require thee to deprive me of "life; but what laws could oblige thee to "ſlander me?"

In the evening, Herman was ſent for by the count of Unna.

"You, no doubt, know what you ought "to think of Senden," ſaid the count.

"Hitherto I did not know: I have now "learnt."

"You muſt ſpeak to me ingenuouſly; "explain yourſelf therefore . . . . Do you "think he has completely fulfilled his duty "towards you?"

"I know not preciſely of what nature "are the duties which he and his colleagues "are bound to fulfil.

"Relate to me circumſtantially what "paſſed between you in the foreſt. Tell "me on what terms you lived together be- "fore, and how he has treated you ſince. "You have no reaſon to ſpare him: he did "not ſpare you."

Herman related the ſtory as deſired.—The count ſhook his head. "This is hor-"rible," ſaid he: "and he did not warn "you of the danger that threatened you? "Did not give you the leaſt hint to induce "you to avoid him?"

"He could not warn me, I imagine, "without breaking the oath by which he is "bound."

"Yet, if he loved you, if he pitied "you, as you then imagined, it ſeems to "me he ought to have cautioned you."

"I conſidered his action as the greateſt "ſacrifice he could make to his ſevere, his "cruel duty. I thought in reality that he "loved me, and that it was with painful "reluctance he plunged his poinard into "my boſom: yet, now that he has been "capable of calumniating me, that he has "ſought to alienate from me the heart of "my reſpected relation! . . ."

"This is foreign to the purpoſe. One "queſtion more. It is ſaid you were both "wounded . . . . They were probably thoſe

" slight sort of wounds, made by mutual
" agreement. People are at hand, ready
" stationed to assist the wounded; the
" wounds are bound up; and the parties
" imagine they have fulfilled all that ho-
" nour prescribes to them."

Herman began again the recital of his terrible adventure. He described Ulric's previous self-conflict in the most affecting manner, and the violence he seemed to have done himself, in drenching his sword in his brother's blood; and he finished with shewing the scar that remained in his side. " Large as this is," added he, " Senden
" spared himself still less; he seemed de-
" sirous of reaching the grave before him
" whom he conceived himself obliged to
" send thither, that he might not witness
" his last moments. His life long held by
" a single thread, when mine was already
" out of danger."

" His wound, then, was actually inflicted
" by his own hand, not by your's?"

"By mine! could I poſſibly have lifted "my hand againſt my dear Ulric!"

"This is too horrible!" exclaimed the count, clasping his hands together: "A "fratricide, and a ſuicide! Behold the ter-"rible conſequences of a juſtice which is "ſaid to be the ſemblance of that of hea-"ven! . . . . Wretched mortals! when will "ye ſhake off theſe cruel chains? . . . "Herman, my ſon, my dear ſon! . . . . . "Ulric of Senden, my friend, the un-"happy victim of thy duty! . . . Embrace "each other! your differences are for ever "at an end!"

As he ſaid theſe words, the count opened a door, that was by his ſide. Ulric ruſhed forward, and cloſely folded Herman in his arms "My brother! my friend!" cried he: "At length I can give utterance to "my feelings: I dare ſpeak what I think "of thee."

Herman ſtood as if petrified. He com-prehended nothing of what he ſaw, or what

he heard, and was undetermined whether he ſhould return the careſſes he received from Ulric.

"Young man," reſumed the count, "you "are ignorant of what has been going for- "ward here to-day. You do not ſuſpect, "perhaps, that you and your friend have "been put to a moſt dangerous proof.— "The life of one, and my good opinion of "the other, were at ſtake: but your de- "poſition has ſaved both. Ulric of Sen- "den, who had already been accuſed of not "having properly diſcharged his duty, as "an inſtrument of ſecret vengeance, in the "affair of Conrad of Langen, was charged "with having failed in it a ſecond time with "regard to you. It was ſaid, that he had "cautioned you, and given you arms to "defend yourſelf; that he had wounded "you only to ſave appearances, and had, "for the ſame reaſon, been wounded him- "ſelf. Such faults, alas! to which hu- "manity ought to give another name, are "puniſhed by us with death. The con-

" duct of Ulric gave a plausible face to the " accusation. He arose, and contested in " the secret tribunal the sentence that had " been passed on you; he defended your " innocence, and even demanded leave to " resign his place, to be divested of the sad " dignity of executioner of the divine ven- " geance, that he might live with you in " brotherly amity. Upon this he was con- " demned. For my part, I trembled at " the injustice committed under the sacred " name of our tribunal. I insisted on an " investigation of the affair. Your arrival " afforded me a favourable opportunity of " discovering the truth. Some words " that I let fall gave you reason to suppose " that Ulric had slandered you to me. The " displeasure this excited in your mind, re- " moves every suspicion of your partiality " in his favour. You answered my studied " questions without preparation; and your " answers agree with his. Thus Ulric is " justified; and Herman, as a reward for " his ingenuousness, obtains the liberty of

" being in future the friend of his brother-" in-law, without any apprehenſion, as the" reſignation of the latter will be accepted" without difficulty."

" And will not Herman, too, be juſti-" fied ?" ſaid Ulric, who held the hand of the young knight in his own.

" I ardently wiſh it : but, alas ! what I" have learnt from you reſpecting him," though demonſtration in my eyes, is not" ſo in thoſe of others ; and he muſt be-" take himſelf to flight. Time renders" poſſible things that at preſent can ſcarcely" be expected. One important circum-" ſtance, however, I have diſcovered from" you, my dear Ulric : it is, that beſide" Kunzman, who, at his death, declared" Herman an accomplice in his crime, two" or three others engaged in the murder of" duke Frederic were ſeen, who, perhaps" deſignedly, have not been ſought after" with ſufficient diligence. God knows how" an enquiry into this important point came" to be neglected when judgment was given!!

"..... But vengeance will overtake those
"villains, and their depositions will con-
"firm or contradict that of Kunzman, and
"show where lies the truth."

"They will be found to contradict it," cried Herman, "or I am not worthy of "being related to the noble count of Un-"na."

"I trust that you are worthy of it.—
"You shall be my relation, nay, my son,
"if time justify you in the eyes of the
"world, as you are already justified in
"mine."

CHAPTER IV.

THE two friends quitted the count, to enjoy their happineſs in retirement.

" Thou wert my defender to the count, " then; and not my accuſer!" ſaid Herman, as ſoon as he had a little recovered from his ſurpriſe.

" Could the generous Herman ſuſpect " his Ulric of treachery?"

" From this moment then, I may call " thee my brother, my friend. Thou wilt " no longer perſecute oppreſſed innocence; " thou wilt no longer ſhut thy ears to the " voice of truth."

" Did I ever ſhut them to it? No: the " truth and thy innocence ſtood confeſſed " to my ſight. Thus a mortal terror ſeized " me, when I ſaw thee adorned with every " manly grace, aſking my friendſhip, con- " fiding in my honour with all thy native " frankneſs, while, on the other hand,

...JORE MAHARAJA SERFOG...

"voice within me whiſpered: 'the judges "have condemned, and thou muſt kill "him.' Inceſſantly was I purſued by thine "image, now pale and bloody, then ſmiling "and begging mercy of me . . . My heart "was oppreſſed, my reaſon wavered: a "thouſand times was I tempted to kill my- "ſelf alone; but I was compelled to act as "I did.—Let us, however, forget what is "paſt; the chains are broken; thou haſt "pardoned me; and we are friends for "ever."

The joy felt by Herman, at having gained a place in ſo noble a heart, increaſed as Ulric ſpoke; but his friend became ſilent all at once and thoughtful.

"Leave me," ſaid he at length: "I for- "got that, till night, till the free judges "meet, I ſhall not be releaſed from my "oath; and that, in the mean time, our "ſituation remains as before."

Herman ſmiled at the extreme exact- neſs of his brother-in-law, and left him, in order to prepare for his journey, which the

count had ſo ſtrongly recommended to him to haſten, and which was no otherwiſe diſagreeable than as it bore the odious appellation of flight.

What paſſed in the ſecret tribunal with reſpect to Ulric of Senden, in what manner he was diſmiſſed from that great and myſterious ſociety*, which had extended its empire over half Europe, and how he was diveſted both of the will and the power of taking a part in its tranſactions for the future, remained concealed from Herman: and when afterwards, in their confidential moments, he put ſome queſtions on the ſubject to Ulric, Ulric looked at him with diſpleaſure, and impoſed ſilence on him.

* The ſecrecy maintained in the ſociety of the inviſibles, ſays Moeſer, went ſo far, that not only was the public ignorant of the cauſe of the death of a perſon executed by order of the ſecret tribunal, but even the emperor himſelf knew not what paſſed in that formidable court of judicature. It was not even permitted him to aſk the names of thoſe who were condemned by it; except that, if he mentioned any names, he was anſwered by a ſimple yes, or no.

The next day Herman found his friend infinitely more amiable. His behaviour was free and open; his air gay and jocund; and, if nothing were ſaid reſpecting the ſociety he had the preceding night abjured, there ſeemed no ſecret in his heart which he was not ready to diſcloſe.

He ſpoke without reſerve, not only of the love which he had felt for the charming Alicia, and which, alas! was not yet totally extinguiſhed, but alſo of his ſingular marriage with Catherine. His adventures with the latter he recited in a manner too extenſive to find a place here. Suffice it to ſay, that Catherine employed all poſſible means to obtain his love, and to eradicate from his heart the image of his former miſtreſs, of whoſe name ſhe was ignorant. Vexation, and a wiſh perhaps to avenge himſelf of the inexorable Alicia, had ſeconded her endeavours, and by ſolicitations and ſecret intrigues, all other obſtacles were removed.

In thoſe days there was no conſiderable family, in which were not to be found one or more monks, who, under the title of confeſſors, meddled in all its affairs, amongſt which, ill-ſuited and unhappy marriages were not the leaſt important. Hence, no doubt, came the proverb : *marriages are made in heaven :* for the monks always ſpoke in the name of the Lord, whenever, to ſerve their own ends, they thought proper to effect a union of this kind. Their addreſs was far ſuperior to that of our modern match-makers : and the perſons whom it pleaſed theſe adepts to unite by indiſſoluble bonds, could not eſcape their fate, whatever were the inconveniencies of the alliance.— On this occaſion, father Boniface, Catherine's confeſſor, exerted his abilities ; ſhe became madam Senden ; and the reſt was left to Providence.

The count of Unna, during the twelvemonth that Catherine ſpent with him, had more than one occaſion of obſerving her faults. His acquaintance with her diſpoſi-

tion confirmed him in the opinion he had been accuftomed to form of her family in general, and he confented to her marriage with the worthy Ulric with regret. Reader, thou canft form no conception of the authority, which, in thofe unhappy times, monks exercifed over the beft difpofed minds.

The count of Unna may with juftice be ranked among the moft enlightened men of his age. We have heard his fentiments of the fecret tribunal; which agree better with thefe times of general illumination, than with the ignorance of his own. Yet was he fufficiently fufceptible of weakneffes and prejudices. Of this his invincible hatred towards the family of Unna, his coufins, is a proof. His obftinacy on this head was fo great, that all Herman could fay in favour of them was taken ill, and, had he perfifted in defending them, he would have rifked fharing the enmity of the count. Ulric was fo convinced of this, that he thought proper to warn him in private to defift.

"You are not aware," ſaid he, one day, "how dear the good underſtanding, that "appears to reign between you and your "family, had like to have coſt you.— "It was true, that I made your uncle "change his reſolution with regard to the "reception he intended you; but in a "way the reverſe of that in which you un- "derſtood it. The count, who, without "knowing you, had always loved you, be- "cauſe you were on bad terms with his "couſins, whom he deteſted, fell into an "extreme rage, when he heard that you "had gone to viſit them before you had "waited upon him, and that they were re- "conciled to you, and had treated you with "kindneſs. I had great difficulty to remove "the prejudice he had, on this account, "conceived againſt you: and to prevent "his ſending you away, as was his deter- "mination, without ſeeing you."

Herman learnt from this diſcourſe the freſh obligations he lay under to Ulric: but he ſighed to think, that the beſt characters had their faults; and conceived, that, in the

end, he ſhould find it difficult to accommodate himſelf to the littleneſſes of his uncle, which made him look forward with a ſort of pleaſure to the day of his departure.

The chevalier had expreſſed a deſire to repair to Venice, to join the knights of the Teutonic Order, who were then making a campaign againſt the Turks; and the old count had oppoſed it only from the fear that he would there meet and form an intimacy with his brother John. Herman knew that his brother, who was ſpoken of as an amiable young man, had entered into that order; and he could not avoid owning to himſelf, that the deſire of meeting him was his principal motive for wiſhing to ſee Venice; but the prudent Ulric adviſed him not to diſcloſe this motive to the count; and by obſerving this precaution, he at length obtained his uncle's conſent; and was preſented by him with an equipage more ſplendid perhaps than any lord of Unna had ever poſſeſſed.

CHAPTER V.

WELL difpofed as was the count of Unna towards his nephew, his office obliged him to act with fecrecy, Herman, as yet, not having obtained a repeal of the fentence pronounced againft him by the fecret tribunal. The fword of the invifibles ftill remained fufpended over his head, and circumftances might occur, in which his uncle, with all his power, would be unable to fuccour him.

Both the count and Ulric muft have been aware of thefe dangers, for the preparations for our hero's departure were urged with the utmoft fpeed, and Senden could with difficulty confent to fuffer him to depart alone.

Herman reminded him of his children, who, during his abfence, would be left to the fole care of a mother, little qualified to have the charge of their education; and ftated to him, that, being alone, his flight

would be more eaſily accompliſhed. Ulric yielded to theſe arguments, embraced his friend, and took leave. The equipage and attendants given him by his uncle, had, for the greater ſafety, been ſent before to the place of their deſtination.

Hitherto Herman had not been accuſtomed to flight; and, forgetting that his journey was in reality of that deſcription, he travelled with as much confidence as if he had nothing to fear. His ſole precaution was to chooſe a diſguiſe, by means of which he might appear, without being known in the midſt of his purſuers, and take the road dictated by his heart.

What this road was, may be eaſily gueſſed. Love and friendſhip called him to Nuremberg, where he knew duke Albert ſtill reſided, and where he conjectured Ida might alſo be. He was ignorant of what had happened to the princeſs ſince his departure; he was ignorant, that the ſtep ſhe had taken to ſave him, that the audacity with which ſhe had ventured to pry

into the ſecrets of the terrible unknown judges, had been attended with the moſt melancholy conſequences to her and her father; and had ſoon conſtrained her to fly, in order to eſcape the vengeance of her enemies.

Herman was well acquainted with all the windings of duke Albert's houſe.— The firſt thing he did, therefore, on entering a city where he hoped to find all that was moſt dear to him, was to repair to the duke's, and make his appearance, when leaſt expected, and before his gentlemen in waiting, a ſpecies of animals leſs numerous then than now, had time to announce him.

The diſguiſe of Herman did not long impoſe on his friend. Soon he folded him in his arms, exclaiming, "Herman! my "dear, my unhappy Herman!"

"Why unhappy? Am I not with my "prince? Shall I not ſee my Ida, or at "leaſt hear news of her? Are not my "proſpects brightening? . . . . Ah, my

"lord! how much am I indebted to you,
"for sending me to my respectable relation!
"What has he not done for me! What has
"he not promised me hereafter! That I
"shall become his son, if my innocence,
"which he considers as already proved,
"be publicly acknowledged. What flat-
"tering hopes for my love! .... Do
"you think the count of Wirtemberg will
"refuse his daughter to the son of his old
"friend, the count of Unna?"

"Oh Herman! joy and hope mislead
"thee. Thy imagination transports itself
"to future scenes, and thou perceivest not
"the abyss that yawns at thy feet."

"The abyss! .... Ah! I understand
"you. You mean to say, that I am not
"in safety, that I must not remain here.
"But one day only, my dear prince, one
"single day, to relate to you my feli-
"city .... and .... and .... if it be
"possible, to see Ida."

"Ida! .... Where is she? ....
"Do you then know? .... Alas! she

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARA...

" has been obliged to fly. I gave her ſome " of my people to eſcort her, and to-day I " hear, that ſhe parted from them, and " they arrived at Ratiſbon without her.— " Ah! perhaps ſhe is now in the hands of " her enemies! . . . . Perhaps ſhe is no " more! . . . . Oh! Herman, Herman! " what ſhall we do to ſave her, if to ſave " her it be not already too late?"

The duke's anxiety was ſcarcely ſhort of the deſpair which ſeized Herman on his hearing ſo unexpectedly this dreadful news.

When, however, they were a little calm, it was reſolved, that Herman ſhould immediately repair to Ratiſbon, there to collect further information, and act as circumſtances ſhould dictate. Duke Albert briefly related what Ida and her father had ſuffered during his abſence, and our youth departed overwhelmed with affliction.

The report of the return of the cavaliers, who were to have eſcorted Ida to Hungary,

was confirmed, and Herman ſoon learnt the motive that detained them at Ratiſbon.—He heard, too, what prevented them from returning to give an account themſelves of what had happened to them, and to the princeſs entruſted to their charge. That the reader may be duly informed of it, we ſhall here inſert part of the relation given to Herman by the commander of the party.

"The princeſs," ſaid he, "whom we "were directed to eſcort, is, in ſome mea-"ſure, the occaſion of her own misfortune. "She did not think proper to take the road "which we had been directed to purſue, "and things turned out as they generally do "when women pretend to be wiſer than "their adviſers. When we arrived on the "frontiers of Auſtria, we learnt that Win-"ceſlaus had eſcaped from priſon, and that "the Bohemians appeared deſirous of rein-"ſtating him on the throne. Farther re-"ports confirmed this intelligence. It was "ſaid, that Winceſlaus and his wife had al-"ready made their entry into Prague, and

"had received anew the oaths of their ſub-
"jects, and that this happy event was cele-
"brated throughout the country with joy
"and feaſting. You know the invincible
"attraction ſcenes of this nature have for
"women. The princeſs inſtantly altered
"the whole plan of our journey; and old
"Cunegunda, who attended her, confirmed
"her in her whim. They would not liſten
"to our entreaties, and we took with them
"the road to Prague."

Herman was at no loſs to imagine, that it was not the deſire of pleaſure, but that of ſeeing her parents by adoption, and her dear Sophia, that had attracted Ida to the capital of Bohemia. The narrator continued:

"We arrived at Prague. The princeſs
"lived retired, and it was eaſy for us to
"watch over her ſafety. At firſt, ſhe ſel-
"dom went out of her houſe, which was
"that of an humble citizen. She did not
"go to court, but contented herſelf with

" informing the queen of her arrival, by
" whom ſhe was viſited. We ſoon per-
" ceived, that the riotous feſtivity of the
" place, had leſs attraction for her than the
" friendſhip of the empreſs. Ida and
" Sophia frequently went out together to
" the new church of Saint Matthias, or the
" convent of Bethlehem.* Sophia's miſ-
" fortunes appear to have rendered her de-
" vout, and our princeſs willingly followed
" her example. Their religious practices,
" however, could not have been perfectly
" conformable to the true faith, for they
" excited the attention of the archbiſhop
" Subinko, and we had reaſon to believe,
" that ſnares were laid by the prieſts for the
" princeſs of Wirtemberg, whom they be-
" gan to conſider as the ſeductreſs of the
" queen. All our caution could not prevent
" her from falling into the hands of her
" perſecutors, one day when ſhe accompa-

* The church of St. Matthias, or St. Matthew, bore alſo the name of Bethlehem : there remained few traces of any convent of that name.

" nied Sophia in one of her ufual walks, " during which we were forbidden to at- " tend her. The pains we have fince taken, " to difcover the place where fhe is confin- " ed, have been ufelefs. Three days after " the event happened, I was fent for by the " queen: 'Confole yourfelf,' faid fhe to me, " 'and read with attention, this letter I have " juft received. Preferve it carefully; it " will put you in mind of what your mif- " trefs requires of you.' "

At thefe words, the captain took from his pocket a letter, which Herman perceivd was written by the hand of Ida. He kiffed it, and read as follows:

" Have no apprehenfions, my auguft " fovereign, for your Ida; fhe is out of " danger. The only misfortune that has " happened to me is, the being conveyed " to a convent in Hungary: but my fafety, " and the interefts of duke Albert, required " me to vifit that country, and my per- " fecutors are themfelves obliged to affift

" me in repairing to a place whither my
" deftiny had before called me.

" I pray you to difmifs my efcort, and
" direct them to repair with fpeed to Ratif-
" bon. I have juft learnt, by fingular ac-
" cident, that one of the perfons moft dear
" to me in the world, is in a fituation to re-
" quire affiftance. It is, perhaps, my fa-
" ther. It may be Herman . . . . It is ne-
" ceffary that the cavaliers remain fome
" days in the city I have mentioned, and
" endeavour, by ftrict inquiry, to difcover
" what I can only hint to you obfcurely.

" O Sophia! Sophia! When and where
" fhall we meet again?"

" And what have you done," faid Her-
man eagerly, " in obedience to the prin-
" cefs's orders?"

" Nothing," faid the captain with a
fmile, " but wait here for the event an-
" nounced, which, no doubt, muft prefent
i tfelf; for we have not penetration enough
" to inquire after things of which we have
" no idea."

The love of knights for their miſtreſſes was, in thoſe days, of ſo exalted a nature that they conſidered the leaſt indications of their will as laws. A pretended dream of the lovely Ida, had formerly, as we have ſeen, ſufficient power over Herman, whoſe motto was, *innocence never flies*, to induce him to retire from his enemies. Remembering this, can we be ſurpriſed, that the myſterious words contained in her letter, ſhould put in motion all the faculties of his mind, to diſcover and execute her beheſt. His preſence rouſed the negligent cavaliers into activity; and, before the day was at an end, the prophecy, or preſentiment, of the princeſs of Wirtemberg, who had pointed out Ratiſbon as the place where one of her deareſt friends was ſuffering, was verified, in the ſame manner as the dream, which had announced the condemnation of Herman by the ſecret tribunal.

Ida's father had quitted Nuremberg, as we have ſeen, to conceal himſelf a while, and take refuge in Italy. He did not ſufficiently

divest himself of the appearance of rank, and his secret enemies were too numerous for him to arrive, without danger, at the place he had chosen for his retreat.

It was not improbable, that, had he remained longer at Nuremberg, he would have been elected emperor in preference to all his competitors. To these, therefore, it was of importance, not only to drive him from thence, but to prevent his return, till the choice had fallen on some other prince. The name of the competitor, who was most active in this business, has never transpired; but certain it is, that the scheme succeeded; count Everard had been attacked on his route and was actually a prisoner at Ratisbon.

The imperial cities, having long been the declared enemies of the count of Wirtemberg, readily seconded the ill-designs of his enemies. Each, on this occasion, would have wished to have acted the principal part; and the proud citizens of Ratisbon rejoiced, that fortune had so favoured

them, as to place in their hands their ancient and moſt inveterate enemy. The event was the more pleaſing to them, as it was ſure to deprive him of all hopes of the imperial crown.

The people of Ratiſbon confided ſo much in their own ſtrength, and the powerful aſſiſtance promiſed them, that they made no ſecret of his captivity. We will not venture to decide, whether, when the knight of fidelity heard of the misfortune of the count, it afforded him greater pain or pleaſure; but his deliverance appeared to him a matter as certain as that he was impriſoned; and what a delightful idea, to reſtore to liberty the father of Ida!

As fortune appears ſometimes to have expoſed a female to the danger of periſhing by fire, or by water, merely to afford her lover an opportunity of ſaving her, and of thus obtaining her aſſent to his happineſs; might it not, in like manner, have permitted the captivity of a rigid father, that, recovering his liberty by means of the lover

of his daughter, his gratitude might soften him, and determine him in favour of his deliverer. This, at least, Herman believed as firmly as the gospel. He accordingly invented a thousand stratagems to attain his end. Though he succeeded in none of them, he did not despair. Time passed away. The imperial crown had been placed on the head of Robert count Palatine, and count Everard was no longer thought of. At length fortune smiled for a moment on the brave Herman, and the faher of Ida found himself at liberty in his arms.

The count of Wirtemberg thanked our knight with great emotion, and gave him the pleasing appellation of son; an expression to which Herman probably affixed a meaning, that the count by no means intended it should convey. Meanwhile he did not conceal from him, that his liberation would have been infinitely more pleasing, had it been effected earlier: "for," said he, "nothing can now be done for me, till Ger-

"many becomes again diſſatisfied with its "maſter; a period that I ſhall probably not "live to ſee."

Herman, who had no great deſire of ſeeing Ida the daugeter of an emperor, made no anſwer to this reflection. He ſecretly wiſhed long life to the emperor Robert; and that on his death, his crown might deſcend to Sigiſmond. Meanwhile, count Everard ſorrowfully prepared anew for his journey to Italy, and did not ſeem to be averſe to the knight of fidelity accompanying him. The intereſt Herman had taken in his deliverance, the favour he was in with the count of Unna, the hope that he would, in all probability, be ſoon juſtified, and, above all, the total diſappointment of his ambitious ſchemes, made the count feel leſs repugnance to the lover of his daughter than formerly, and conſider it ſometimes as a thing not impoſſible, that he might become his ſon-in-law.

What happineſs for our young hero, when, occaſionally, a word, or a look, gave

him reaſon to ſuſpect, that the count entertained ſuch a thought! Thus he joyouſly took his way to Italy, and the cavaliers of duke Albert, of whom there was no longer need, were diſmiſſed, and returned to their maſter.

Herman, enchanted, had now ſcarcely any anxiety but for Ida: and what chiefly conſoled him was, his imagining himſelf under the protection of ſome benevolent power, who deſtined him to become, at the appointed time, the moſt fortunate of huſbands.

CHAPTER VI.

THE relation of the chief of duke Albert's people was true; but it did not comprize ſome circumſtances of which he was ignorant, and which we ſhall now impart to the reader.

The report of a happy change in the fortune of Sophia having reached the ears of Ida on the confines of Auſtria, the deſire of participating the joy of her beloved friend induced the princeſs to change the road marked out, for good reaſons, by duke Albert, and to take that which led to Prague.

She alighted at the houſe, which ſhe ſtill with pleaſure called the dwelling of her father. What pen can deſcribe the rapture her preſence occaſioned? The good dame Munſter thought ſhe ſhould die with joy at ſeeing again her Ida, now princeſs of Wirtemberg, yet as affectionate, as fond, and as dutiful as ever.

"Where is my father?" cried the princefs, when the excefs of her joy would permit her to fpeak.

Mrs. Munfter without having the leaft doubt refpecting whom fhe meant, went out to fend for her hufband, who was then fuperintending the erection of the grand altar of the church of St. Matthias.—She directed the fervant not to tell him by whom he was wanted, and then haftened to join Ida, from whom fhe was not abfent a moment without regret.

They were fitting fide by fide, the hand of Maria refting on the knee of her daughter, who held it clofely locked in her own, while the other hand of Ida's was paffed round her mother's neck; her eyes, in which were painted inexpreffible affection, were fixed earneftly on her's; they fpoke little, but tears and looks fupplied the place of converfation. Such was the affecting picture that prefented itfelf when Munfter entered.

Ida immediately aroſe to embrace him. The ſcene of mute tenderneſs was renewed: and it was not till after a conſiderable interval that there at length took place between theſe happy mortals a converſation, the ſubject of which the reader will eaſily conceive, if he has been whole years ſeparated from the object he loves, and has experienced, during the ſeparation, various viciſſitudes of good and ill: he will eaſily conceive, that each wiſhes at once to lay before the other all that has happened to him; to relate his proſperous and adverſe fortune; and recite the minuteſt circumſtances he has found intereſting.

The deſire of ſeeing honeſt Munſter and his wife was, perhaps, the chief motive, that had induced Ida to viſit Prague, though not the only one. Sophia was alſo an inducement; but how could ſhe appear before her? The ſituation of our heroine did not permit her to ſhew herſelf publicly at court. Munſter, whom the queen knew and eſteemed, took upon him to ac-

quaint her with the arrival of the princeſs of Wirtemberg, and to inform her of the precautions it was neceſſary to employ. To theſe Sophia ſhewed the utmoſt readineſs to conform, and declared, that, the better to conceal her friend's abode at Prague, ſhe would ſee her only at his houſe, whither ſhe would repair that very evening, accompained by one of her ladies.

The gentle and humane diſpoſition of Sophia was even meliorated by misfortune. Her ſufferings had deſtroyed in her every ſentiment of pride. She had received too good a leſſon on the precariouſneſs of ſublunary things not to deſpiſe the wretched ceremonials attached to her rank. She deemed it no degradation, therefore, to viſit the abode of a ſimple citizen. Friendſhip led her to the houſe of Munſter, as benevolence and generoſity had already frequently led her to viſit ſtill more humble dwellings. Ida threw herſelf into the arms of Sophia. Tears of joy flowed down the cheeks of each; all diſtinctions

of rank were forgotten: ſo ſtrongly did the queen feel the happineſs of preſſing to her boſom a true friend, that ſhe would probably have given the ſame looſe to her feelings, had the object been the plebeian Ida Munſter, inſtead of the princeſs of Wirtemberg.

The two friends reciprocally opened their hearts to each other. Sophia related the long tale of her misfortunes, and concluded it with the ſorrowful obſervation, that her huſband, the author of ſo many ills, of which he had himſelf been the victim, was ſtill not much amended; and that as to herſelf the ſole advantage ſhe had derived from the chagrins which ſhe had participated with him, was to be a little more beloved, and a little more reſpected by him, than at the beginning of her marriage. Indeed it would have proved Winceſlaus to have been a monſter, had the faithful companion of his ſorrows, his friend, his comforter, not excited in him at leaſt ſome ſlight feelings of gratitude.

Sophia was ſaid to have been rendered a devotee by misfortune. She was pious it is true, but not what is properly called a devotee. It was at this period that John Huſs began to propagate his doctrines.—His eloquence, and the ſtrictneſs of his conduct, procured him a great number of followers. The lax morals of the prieſts of thoſe days, and the virulence with which they perſecuted him, contributed alſo to his ſucceſs. The queen was among the number of thoſe who were ſeduced by the apparent ſanctity and rectitude of this new teacher. She took delight in hearing him. She dared not at firſt indulge her inclination as much as ſhe wiſhed, becauſe the archbiſhop watched all her ſteps; but her ſecret connexion with Ida led her, under the veil of ſecrecy, inſenſibly to take more liberty than before.

Indifferently dreſſed, and often on foot and without any attendant, the queen went frequently to viſit her friend, who accompanied her to the church of St. Matthias.—

Sophia, in ſpite of her diſguiſe, ſtill preſerved an air of dignity, that betrayed her; and the good citizens' wives were delighted to find that their queen thus mingled with them, and ſhared their devotions.

The doctrines of Huſs made ſingular progreſs among the women. A great many ladies of the firſt rank prided themſelves in attending his ſermons, diveſted of their ornaments and clad in all the ſimplicity of the primitive chriſtians.

The hand of Munſter had executed a maſter-piece of ſculpture, which decorated the church where Huſs delivered his doctrine; but, placed in a private chapel, it was ſeen only by a few. Different groups of ſtatues, that did honour to the ſkilful and learned artiſt, repreſented, on one ſide, the divine founder of the chriſtian religion, with his humble diſciples, in their genuine ſimplicity, and on the other, the pope of Rome, in all the vain and oſtentatious pomp of royalty, attended by his cardinals. Ida requeſted her father to ſhew this per-

formance to the queen. Sophia was delighted at feeing before her eyes the exact reprefentation of what Hufs had often fo boldly depicted in his fermons; and employed an able painter to copy it in miniature. This picture was placed in the queen's oratory.

Hufs continued to thunder againft the manners of the ecclefiaftics of his day.—He frequently alluded to the fine fculpture of Munfter; thoufands came to fee it; many followed the example of Sophia, and procured copies of it, which were publicly difplayed in their houfes, in teftimony of the truth of the reformer's doctrine. The priefts, inflamed with rage, fixed their eyes on the queen, whom they charged with being the inftigator of thefe diforders; but, placed in too elevated a ftation for them to wreak their vengeance on her, they accufed Ida of having feduced her, and as the perfon deareft to Sophia they determined to vent on her all the fury of their wrath.

Hufs was attacked more openly. The affair was examined into in due form, a proceeding which brought confiderable prefents to Winceflaus, whofe corruptibility was well known. Nor was he ungrateful. Confidering Hufs* as the firft caufe of this new fource of wealth, which poured into his treafury, he appointed him his confeffor. The two handfome heretics, Ida and Sophia, became more bold; but the fecurity they felt proved fatal to Ida, occafioning her to fall into the hands of Subinko, before fhe fufpected herfelf to be in the leaft danger.

She was one day returning home, deeply meditating on a private converfation fhe had juft had with Hufs, which totally abforbed all her faculties. Undoubtedly Hufs was no prophet; but the great influence he poffeffed in various places, and the number of his adherents throughout

* "What a fine goofe," was his faying, "that lays "me fo many golden eggs!"

Germany, procured him the knowledge of things with which others were unacquainted. He had been informed of the misfortune of count Everard; he was not ignorant that Ida was his daughter; and he had that evening warned her to think of ſuccouring the perſon in the world moſt dear to her, who was then at Ratiſbon in the hands of his enemies. Huſs thought he had ſpoke with ſufficient clearneſs; he was not aware, that, to a lovely young damſel, there might be another perſon as dear to her as her father, and that his mode of expreſſion was preciſely calculated to leave her in doubt.

In effect, Ida determined next day to aſk a more direct explanation from the holy man; and ſhe was walking ſlowly, and without fear, to the houſe of Munſter, when ſhe ſaw a number of armed men, who intercepted her paſſage. She perceived preſently that ſhe was the object of their purſuit: ſhe cried for help: but it was too late. The young princeſs was conducted before the archbiſhop, who ſeverely

reproached her with herefy, and condemned her to be confined in a convent in Hungary; a fentence which fhe heard with little emotion. She felt nothing but anxiety f r her friends; an anxiety which confiderably increafed, when fhe reflected that it would now be impoffible for her to do any thing to fave him, of whofe danger fhe had been informed.

Meanwhile the goodnefs of her heart infpired her with a ftratagem furely excufable under fuch circumftances She corrupted one of her guards, by means of a valuable ring, to deliver to Sophia the letter we have mentioned above, which eventually afforded Herman an opportunity of liberating her father. She hoped, what actually happened, that her commiffion would be executed; and fhe departed for the place of her deftination, with fo much the greater pleafure as it was that to which fhe would fhortly have repaired of her own accord.

Ida felt no apprehenſion, that ſhe was to remain eternally confined in the convent to which ſhe was conducted; conceiving it impoſſible, that a puniſhment ſo ſevere ſhould be inflicted on a perſon who had committed no crime. She reckoned, too, on the enjoyment of a certain degree of liberty in her deſtined abode; and the poſſibility of executing the commiſſion, with which ſhe was charged by duke Albert, as effectually as if ſhe had arrived there under the protection of that prince. At all events, ſhe was certain of one thing at leaſt, namely, that ſhe ſhould be ſecure from the purſuits of the ſecret tribunal, which of all things in the world was what ſhe moſt dreaded.

It may not be ſuperfluous to acquaint the reader before we proceed, with the commiſſion which duke Albert had entruſted to our heroine on her departure from Nuremberg. The duke had received from Herman, ſome traces of queen Mary of Hungary, firſt wife of Sigiſmond, being ſtill alive, who had long been ſuppoſed

to be dead; and the principal buſineſs of the princeſs of Wirtemberg was to inform Elizabeth of this circumſtance, and endeavour to find out the convent in which her mother was confined. He had laid down a plan for her to purſue in this reſearch, which, we have already obſerved, was attended with difficulties: ſhe was, therefore, diſpoſed to act as chance ſhould point out, or circumſtances require. Beſides, ſhe thought it cruel to tell an unhappy daughter, that her mother was living, before ſhe was certain of the fact; and thus inſpire a mind of ſenſibility with anxious doubts reſpecting the fate of her to whom ſhe was indebted for exiſtence, without being able to give her any conſolation. Ida well knew the ſolicitude of filial affection; and this motive, united with others, made her rejoice that ſhe did not viſit Hungary in the manner ſhe had at firſt intended.

When the archbiſhop had pronounced her ſentence, Ida aſked permiſſion to change her convent, f ſhe found herſelf

not pleaſed with that appointed for her retreat; which he readily granted, as he knew he could revoke the permiſſion at pleaſure. Such was the foundation on which ſhe had erected her hopes. She truſted ſhe ſhould thus have it in her power to viſit a variety of convents, without her deſign being ſuſpected, and without her being expoſed to any charge, but that of fickleneſs of diſpoſition. If by theſe means ſhe could diſcover the perſon ſhe ſought, ſhe propoſed to acquaint Elizabeth with her mother's exiſtence, and the place of her retreat: duke Albert and his future bride were then to come to liberate the queen, and of her who had diſcovered the place of her detention; and thus all was to end happily.

CHAPTER VII.

DURING a tedious journey, Ida had ſufficient leiſure to form projects, and feaſt herſelf with hopes, which however began to droop the firſt day of her arrival at the convent of St. Anne.

This convent was placed in a ſituation to which nature had been by no means kind. The lofty mountains, covered with thick foreſts of gloomy pines, with which it was ſurrounded, could cheriſh no ſentiments but thoſe of grief and melancholy. The deep and narrow valley, from the bottom of which roſe the walls of the monaſtery, precluded all extent of view, and the heart ſeemed to ſhrink from the ſad ſterility that every where preſented itſelf to the eye.—Hence diſcontent and rancour ſat brooding in every countenance; and weariſomeneſs and diſguſt pervaded equally the parlour

and the chapel, the gallery and the garden, the cell, and the hall of recreation.

Ida imagined herſelf in a few days perfectly acquainted with every inhabitant of this mournful abode; and was convinced, that here ſhe ſhould not find her of whom ſhe was in ſearch. This diſcovery would have driven her at once from her melancholy aſylum, had ſhe not thought it decorous to ſtay at leaſt a few weeks, in a place where ſhe was treated with the greateſt reſpect, and where ſhe had no cauſe of complaint, but the tedium of her ſituation, a feeling which ſhe ſhared in common with every nun.

The time which the prudent Ida thought proper to remain in this convent paſſed away, without her being able to find a ſingle perſon in whom ſhe could place ſufficient confidence to open her heart. It was even impoſſible for her to obtain any ſatisfactory account of the neighbouring convents; which would have been of ſome advantage to her in directing her choice, when ſhe

ſhould make known her deſire of changing her ſituation. All the intelligence ſhe could obtain, was, that near them was a convent dedicated to St. Nicholas, which was, in a manner, dependant on that of St. Anne, and the patron of which was obliged annually to viſit his ſuperior ſaint.

The time of this ceremony was near.— When the day arrived, the journeying ſaint appeared, attended by an eſcort of plump and fair damſels, who were ſufficient contraſts to thoſe to whom they were forced to pay homage. Their reception was by no means cordial. Whilſt the two abbeſſes, with the ancient matrons, held a chapter, the young nuns of St. Anne's formed themſelves into parties from which they were ſo unpolite as to exclude thoſe of St. Nicholas.

Ida, however, joined a party of the nuns of St. Nicholas. Theſe young women pleaſed her much better than her preſent hoſts, and ſhe determined to take their convent for her next reſidence. The nuns,

who penetrated her intention, and confi-dered her as no infignificant acquifition, boafted of it, as a place which had always been an afylum for ladies of diftinction. At prefent, it was the abode of a princefs Gara, who was formerly miftrefs of the houfhold to queen Elizabeth of Hungary.

The nuns of St. Nicholas departed with their faint, and foon after, Ida declared her intention of refiding at their convent. But fhe foon found the execution of her projects lefs eafy than fhe had imagined.— Numberlefs difficulties were ftarted, and at laft fhe was obliged to wait till the abbefs had written to Prague for the affent of the archbifhop Subinko.

His anfwer was long in coming, but at length it arrived, and contained the defired permiffion. Ida found the adieus of the pious fifters fufficiently cold, which rendered her reception at St. Nicholas the more agreeable.

Soon after her arrival, Ida introduced herfelf to the princefs Gara. Her name

was ſufficient to enſure her a favourable reception from that lady, who in her youth had been intimate with her mother. Ida revived in the princeſs's mind a thouſand pleaſing recollections; her name, her figure, her perſon, recalled thoſe of Ida of Dortmund, and theſe remembrances laid the foundation of a tender friendſhip, as far indeed as friendſhip could ſubſiſt between perſons of ſo diſproportionate an age.

The princeſs Roſe Gara was a living chronicle of ancient times. She was never weary of talking over the events that had happened at the beginning of the reign of the princes now living, almoſt all of whom ſhe perſonally knew. Ida's chief object in courting her acquaintance was to get information reſpecting the queen of Hungary, but this ſeemed to be the only point on which ſhe choſe not to be communicative.

Ida would probably never have ſucceeded in her attempt, but for a circumſtance which threatned totally to exclude her

from the confidence of the princefs. Experiencing from her, on a fudden, extreme coldnefs, fhe could not avoid urging her to an explanation. "Read this, and judge," faid the old lady, putting into her hand a letter fhe had juft received. Ida read as follows:

"My dear princefs, the reports of Al-
"bert's infidelity are confirmed. How
"juftly did you warn me to beware of the
"fate of my unhappy mother! You already
"know, that Albert has appeared for fome
"months to have forgotten me; that a fair
"enchantrefs had gained his heart, and
"driven me from its poffeffion. Now
"learn her name. It is Ida, the celebrated
"Ida of Wirtemberg, who, condemned by
"the fecret tribunal, was protected at Nu-
"remberg by Albert, and is now fent by
"him into Hungary, with a ftrong efcort,
"there to await a change in her fituation,
"heaven knows in what manner.

"I am indebted for this difcovery to
"the perfon who gave me the firft infor-

"mation, my intimate friend, the daughter
"of the princefs of Ratibor. She too, loft
"a lover by the artifice of that feductrefs.
"Grief and defpair have driven her to this
"convent, which I fear will be alfo my laft
"afylum.

"I wifh to know more of my enemy.—
"Imago's mother has promifed me further
"accounts, and even the name of the place
"to which Ida is conducted. The prin-
"cefs of Ratibor has an extenfive acquaint-
"ance, and great intereft; fhe knows al-
"moft every thing that paffes throughout
"the empire of Germany, and her infor-
"mation may be depended on.

"Malicious Ida! what have I done to
"thee, that thou fhouldft deprive me of
"the affections of Albert? . . . . She is be-
"fides an heretic! . . . . . She remains at
"prefent concealed at Prague; the queen
"vifits her in fecret; but the princefs of
"Ratibor is endeavouring to feparate them,
"and for that purpofe means to draw on

"the odious Ida the attention of the arch-
"bishop. We shall see where this will
"end.

"My news from Prague is already old;
"sickness and sorrow prevented my com-
"municating it earlier.

"ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY."

It is possible that Ida's looks, on reading such an unexpected accusation, would have confirmed the suspicions of a person less sagacious than the princess Gara, but she had patience enough to wait for her answer, and then judge with impartiality.

Animated with the wish to remove this injurious imputation, Ida ingenuously recited the history of her acquaintance with the duke, his friendship for her, and the commission with which she was charged by him. When she had finished, she ran to her chamber for the letter Albert had given her for Elizabeth, and which luckily she had in her pocket when she was carried off.

The princess read it.—Ida could not have produced a stronger proof of her in-

nocence. Every line ſpoke love to her to whom it was addreſſed, to the bearer nothing but friendſhip. It contained a circumſtantial account of what Albert hoped to effectuate in Hungary by the aſſiſtance of Ida; the news of the exiſtence of queen Mary; and ſchemes for diſcovering the place of her retreat; and concluded with a requeſt to Elizabeth to protect their common friend the princeſs of Wirtemberg, and deliver her into the hands of no one but Herman of Unna.

The princeſs Gara was convinced. She embraced Ida, made an apology for her conduct, and begged leave to ſend the letter of duke Albert to Elizabeth, in order to diſpel her apprehenſions and juſtify her ſuppoſed rival in her affections.

Ida readily complied, as ſhe had now loſt all deſire of delivering the letter herſelf. This *gentle, innocent, angelic* princeſs," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, " is, however, prone to " jealouſy and injuſtice. This mind, de- " ſcribed to me as ſo elevated and ſenſible,

"is ſubject to error, and diſpoſed to liſten
"to the inſinuations of malice. Poor Al-
"bert! Heaven grant thy union with her
"may be happy!"

Ida was wrong. In ſimilar circumſtances ſhe would have been guilty of the ſame faults with which ſhe reproached Elizabeth, who was in reality good and amiable. She had forgotten, that ſhe had herſelf been once intimate with the perfidious Imago, who was now poiſoning the mind of the daughter of Mary.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM the preceding event the intimacy between Ida and the princefs Gara increafed. Ida had no fecrets for her refpectable friend; and the princefs, finding her queftions were not prompted by idle curiofity, readily confented to fatisfy her refpecting the early part of the hiftory of queen Mary, of whofe exiftance, however, fhe ftill continued to entertain doubts.

" It is not without mingled fentiments " of pleafure and regret," faid fhe, " that " I recall to mind the firft years of my " youth, fpent within thefe walls, which " now afford a retreat to my old age. Eliza" beth, queen of Hungary, who feldom " quitted her hufband, and who thought it " dangerous to habituate her daughter Mary " too early to the buftle of a court, chofe " this convent for the place of her educa" tion, and intrufted to me the care of her " infancy. I was then of a proper age to

"become the governefs of a child, to whom "inftruction ought to be playfully convey- "ed, not adminiftered with the ordinary fe- "verity of fchool difcipline. I had been "fix months married, having efpoufed "prince Stephen Gara, to whom my hand "was given merely that I might one day be- "come miftrefs of the royal houfehold.— "The old gentleman was obliged by his "place to attend conftantly at court; and "his young wife regretted not, in her pleaf- "ing retirement, the honour of figuring by "his fide.

"Mary had few attendants; indeed "none befide myfelf, Ida of Dortmund, "your mother, and little Barbe of Tirnan. "From her infancy fhe gave no promife of "beauty; though, as fhe grew up, a fine "fhape and dignified air in fome meafure "fupplied its place. Barbe was much "handfomer; and, I own, I difliked her "for this advantage over my princefs. Bet- "ter informed too, and more lively, fhe "had a thoufand little talents that Mary

" could never attain. I would gladly have
" ſeparated them; and, had I ſucceeded, I
" ſhould probably have ſpared my pupil
" many misfortunes, and her companion a
" multitude of crimes.

" Mary was the only child of king
" Lewis, and conſequently heireſs to the
" throne, and it was thought proper to
" ſtrengthen her right by a powerful alliance.
" With this view ſhe was betrothed, at the
" age of nine years, to Sigiſmond, ſecond
" ſon of the emperor Charles IV. and only
" a year or two older than herſelf.

" Sigiſmond came to viſit his future
" bride. From his youth and rank he could
" not be denied free admiſſion into the
" convent. Unfortunately he there ſaw
" Barbe alſo, and, though ſo young, could
" not avoid being extremely pleaſed with
" her. This I obſerved, and took care ſhe
" ſhould be removed from his ſight.

" Sigiſmond came often to ſee us. He
" was now no longer a child; he knew how
" it became him to behave to her who

" was one day to place the crown of Hun-
" gary on his head; and the princeſs, who be-
" gan to love him, eaſily believed all he
" ſaid.

" I ſaw, however, his attentions in a
" truer light; and I frequently aſſured
" Mary it was not her he loved, but the
" heireſs of the Hungarian throne. 'Let
" us put him to the teſt, ſaid ſhe, and
" we ſhall ſee.'

" The king frequently viſited his daughter,
" of whom he was ſo fond he could refuſe
" her nothing. Availing herſelf of the
" power ſhe had over him, ſhe requeſted a
" favour, which evinced leſs prudence than
" predilection for Sigiſmond, and which the
" king would unqueſtionably have refuſed,
" had he not been blinded by paternal
" affection.

" Her requeſt was, that her father would
" adopt Sigiſmond, and acknowledge him
" for his ſucceſſor. 'I will not be loved
" by him,' ſaid ſhe, 'for the ſake of a
" crown. I would rather owe it to him,

"than place it on his head. I believe that "he loves me; but I would have others "believe ſo too, I would have it ſaid that, "it is Mary, not the heireſs of Hungary, "that he courts.'

"The king ſmiled, conſented, and we "ſoon heard that he had adopted Sigiſ- "mond. The princeſs was delighted with "the pleaſure ſhe had procured her lover. "She expected a ſpeedy viſit from him, "and the warmeſt thanks. Yet Sigiſmond "came not; but contented himſelf with "ſending a letter, which was a political "chef-d'œuvre.

"Mary was enchanted with it; but I "deſired her to notice the name of ſiſter, "which was foiſted into almoſt every line. "I could not, however, make her imbibe "my ſuſpicions, though they were ſoon "too plainly verified.

"Barbe was now maid of honour to "queen Elizabeth, and her ripened charms "revived the inclination ſhe had formerly "excited in young Sigiſmond. This was

"soon no secret, and the queen immedi-
"ately, though too late, sent for her
"daughter to court, to repair the ill that
"had been done in her absence.

"The report of Mary's coming was
"soon spread. Sigismond, finding his in-
"trigue with Barbe was remarked, and
"that he should now be under some re-
"straint, pretended urgent business in Po-
"land; and when Mary appeared in the
"capital, she was met with joy by every
"one, except by him for whom alone she
"cared.

"The loyal Hungarians celebrated the
"arrival of their princess with enthusiasm,
"and intreated the old king to have her
"crowned whilst he was living, that no
"one might dispute the throne with her
"after his death.

"The law which declared Sigismond
"heir to the crown was not irrevocable.
"The voice of the people, and the intrea-
"ties of the queen, to which mine were

" added, prevailed, and Mary was pro-
" claimed queen of Hungary.

" Sigiſmond was one of the firſt to con-
" gratulate her. He even returned from
" Poland to perform this duty in perſon.
" Mary was no longer ſtyled ſiſter: he
" was now not her brother, but her lover,
" her future ſpouſe. Had Mary followed
" my advice, ſhe would have diſmiſſed
" him as he deſerved. But who does not
" know the weakneſs of love? She took
" care not to aſcribe his return to the
" crown ſhe had juſt obtained, and loved
" him more than ever.

" 'Do you not perceive,' ſaid ſhe,
" 'that he is attached ſolely to me? Is
" there a ſingle lady of the court who
" can obtain ſo much as a ſmile from
" him?'

" Mary was right. Sigiſmond appear-
" ed to have no eyes but for her; for
" Barbe was not preſent. This woman
" had heard that the beauties of Poland
" had cured him of his paſſion for her,

" and believing this, ſhe had conſentd, at
" the earneſt ſolicitations of her family,
" and in order to retrieve her reputation,
" to an honourable marriage. The per-
" ſon deſtined for her huſband, was John
" Herwott, governor of Croatia, upon one
" of whoſe eſtates ſhe at this time actually
" lived as his betrothed wife.

" Meanwhile Sigiſmond ſought her
" every where. She was the only perſon
" for whom, after numerous infidelities,
" he ſtill retained an inclination. Her
" abſence therefore was inſupportable to
" him. At length hearing of her intended
" marriage, he became dejected, and find-
" ing it impoſſible to continue his dull
" court to Mary, he reſolved on a ſecond
" journey into Poland ?

" Lewis died, and Mary aſcended the
" throne. She would certainly have been
" a good queen had ſhe governed alone:
" But there is a proverb which ſays,
" where a woman reigns, men are ſure to
" hold the ſceptre. The Garas had the
" effective ſway in the time of the late

"king, and they maintained it under "Mary. Their oppreffions provoked the "people to revolt; and Barbe prevailed "on John Herwott to feize the queen "and her mother, and confine them in "his caftle.

"With this I acquainted Sigifmond, "whom the Garas had prevented from re-"turning from Poland. He releafed Mary: "but Elizabeth had already fallen a facri-"fice to this diabolical confpiracy. Her-"wott fell in the conflict; and Barbe was "fufficiently artful, to pretend, that fhe "too was a prifoner there, and indebted "to Sigifmond for her deliverance.

"Sigifmond was fufficiently powerful "to quell the mal-contents, and re-efta-"blifh Mary on the throne. She became "his wife; but from that time I never "faw a fmile on her countenance. The "fcenes that had paffed in the caftle of "Herwott were continually before her eyes "and fhe was always repeating to herfelf "the name of her unfortunate mother.

" The grief which inwardly devoured her
" destroyed the remains of her feeble at-
" tractions. Sigismond, to whom spright-
" liness and gaiety alone were pleasing,
" used to call her, to his confidential
" friends, *moping melancholy*, without reflect-
" ing on the causes which had rendered
" that title applicable to her.

" Barbe appeared at court. Mary suf-
" fered it. It was necessary she should;
" nor had she any objection; for she en-
" tertained not of her those thoughts which
" I concealed in my heart. Heaven for-
" give me, if I impute to the wretch more
" crimes than she committed!

" That the king's intrigue with Barbe
" might be the better concealed, a match
" was made up for her with count Peter
" Cyly, surnamed the Weak. But the
" motive became too apparent; and the
" sorrows, to which the queen had long
" been a prey, added to the vexation at
" having so worthless a rival, induced her
" to retire to a convent. She was at this

" time pregnant, and her health was ſo im-
" paired, that apprehenſions both for her
" life and the child's were entertained. I
" accompanied her to this place, where it
" was her wiſh to bring her infant into the
" world, and die. It was my firm reſolve
" to be her only nurſe, and to truſt to no
" one beſides: but I was taken danger-
" ouſly ill juſt as her delivery was daily
" expected. The good nuns of St. Nicho-
" las ſaved my life; and, when I recovered,
" they did not conceal from me, that they
" ſuſpected I had been poiſoned. Poſſibly
" they were right: the ſymptoms of my
" diſorder were terrible, and there were
" certainly perſons who felt no joy at my
" recovery.

" My firſt care was to enquire after the
" queen. They informed me that ſhe was
" dead; and this news had like to have
" effected what ſickneſs failed to accom-
" pliſh. I aſked the particulars. The
" nuns could only tell me, that, on being
" taken ill, the counteſs of Cyly had come

" to ſupply my place, and that the queen
" was removed to another convent, where
" ſhe was delivered of a daughter, whoſe
" birth coſt her her life.

" The child was the next object of my
" inquiry. Her mother, they told me,
" had deſired, on her death bed, that ſhe
" ſhould be entruſted to my care; and the
" king had reſolved to comply with this,
" her laſt requeſt, in ſpite of the remon-
" ſtrances of the counteſs of Cyly. In
" fact, I had ſoon the pleaſure of folding
" in my arms this precious legacy of my
" unfortunate miſtreſs. One of the nuns
" of St. Anne's had been commiſſioned to
" deliver her to me with a letter, which I
" opened, and read as follows:

" *I am dying, my dear Gara: I have only
" time to give the loved name of Elizabeth to
" my child, and recommend her to your care.
" The nun who writes theſe few words for me
" will tell you more.*"

" I frequently aſked after this nun, but
" no one could tell me her name. The

" suspicion, that the death of Mary might " be a pretence of Barbe, induced me to " make various researches, from which I " desisted not for many years. They have " ended in nothing; judge, then, my " dear Ida, what may be expected from " yours."

" And do you imagine," said the princess of Wirtemberg, " that your relation " has convinced me of the queen's death? " . . . On the contrary my hopes are greater " than ever."

" I know not, my child, on what you can " found them. Elizabeth is now sixteen " years old. Is it possible that her mother " could have found no means of acquainting her with her situation in all that " time? Consider, too, my fruitless researches: and remember, that Mary was, " at a dangerous period, entirely in the " hands of Barbe. Surely that remorseless " woman would never suffer her rival to " live, when so favourable an opportunity " of getting rid of her presented itself."

"How then came ſhe to ſpare the "young princeſs, who was equally in her "power?"

"If Mary had been delivered of a ſon, "no doubt Barbe would have taken care "of him: but a daughter was by no "means an equal obſtacle to her ambi- "tious projects. Perhaps, too, Sigiſmond "might have arrived earlier than he was "expected; or Barbe might have thought "of ingratiating herſelf with him by act- "ing as a mother to her, inſtead of me, "whom ſhe muſt have ſuppoſed dead."

"It is difficult to form any judgment "on a buſineſs ſo involved in obſcurity," ſaid Ida, with a penſive air; "time, how- "ever, may yet clear it up."

The princeſs Gara was ſilent. But, preſently, to ſatisfy Ida, ſhe gave her a more particular account of the infancy of Elizabeth.

The young princeſs, to whom, in conformity to her dying mother's requeſt, ſhe was to ſupply the place of a parent, was

left in her charge but a few years. At an early period ſhe was called to court, to be betrothed to the young Albert of Auſtria: as Sigiſmond found ſuch a ſupport neceſſary to prop his ſhaking credit. After Mary's death, the hearts of his ſubjects were greatly alieneated from him. Barbe was obliged to quit the court, and retire to her huſband's country ſeat. The king went to make a campaign againſt the turks; and, in the mean time, ſent his daughter to Klauſenburg, Barbe having inſtilled into his mind ſuſpicions concerning the princeſs Gara and the nuns of St. Nicholas.

The return of the king; his impriſonment; his amour with the princeſs Helen, at the caſtle of Soclos; his adventures at Cyly; and many other events, of which we have already given an account, ſucceeded, and were crowned by his marriage with Barbe, who thus became the ſtep-mother of Elizabeth.

This union was fatal to the daughter of Mary. She was cloſely confined at Klau-

ſenburg; her hopes founded on duke Albert diminiſhed; her heart became a prey to jealouſy; and her mind was filled with a thouſand diſagreeable reflections. In fact, Albert had written to her leſs frequently, on account of the diet at Nuremberg, and perhaps too becauſe his attention had been much occupied by his friendſhip for Ida. The princeſs of Ratibor, whom ſome malevolent genius had conducted to Klauſenburg, and thus brought acquainted with Elizabeth, had framed, with her mother's aſſiſtance, the calumny which Ida had ſo ſenſibly felt, and which had nearly deprived her of the friendſhip of the princeſs Gara.

CHAPTER IX.

THE princeſs of Wirtemberg reflected ſeriouſly on what ſhe heard, and ultimately reſolved to employ the permiſſion given her by the archbiſhop in continuing her ſearch amongſt the neighbouring convents.

Her firſt choice fell on St. Emery, a houſe which enjoyed the reputation of having formerly ſerved as a priſon to a queen of Hungary, and which ſhe imagined might a ſecond time have a claim to that diſtinction. That Mary was alive, and that a convent was her abode, ſhe could not doubt, after what Herman had heard from the mouth of Barbe. On that ſhe found all her hopes were founded, and ſhe promiſed herſelf in the end to execute the commiſſion of duke Albert, and gratify her own wiſhes by the liberation of the impriſoned queen.

She expected no difficulty in departing from St. Nicholas, and was not a little ſurprized, when the ſuperior, to whom ſhe communicated her intention, informed her that ſhe muſt firſt acquaint the abbeſs of St. Anne, on whom ſhe was dependent, and who had expreſſly enjoined her, under pain of being excommunicated by the archbiſhop, not to let the princeſs eſcape.

Thus was the poor Ida as much a captive here as in the melancholy convent of St. Anne, though her ſituation was not quite ſo diſagreeable. The abbeſs ſent for anſwer, that as the archbiſhop was ſoon expected in that diſtrict, the princeſs of Wirtemberg muſt wait his arrival, when ſhe would have an opportunity of making her requeſt to him in perſon.

We have yet given the reader no ſketch of the character of Subinko; nor indeed is it of much importance. He was a little red faced old man, who had nothing of dignity about him, but the mitre that covered his thin grey locks; and had certainly never

before been expected with impatience by a young and beautiful damſel. He was conſidered in his day as a pious and learned man; though in fact he knew no virtues but the inſignificant forms of a cloiſter, no learning but that of a monk. In ſhort he was totally without morals, and equally devoid of every quality which renders youth amiable, or age reſpected.

At length this perſonage arrived at St. Nicholas, and was announced to the princeſs of Wirtemberg, before he had ſeen the ſuperior. Ida received him with her natural gracefulneſs, and the pleaſure occaſioned by his arrival rendered her ſtill more attracting.

"May I aſk, ſir," ſaid ſhe, the moment ſhe ſaw him, "your permiſſion to leave the "convent of St. Nicholas?"

"Leave St. Nicholas!" anſwered he. "Are you not, young lady, ſomewhat too "fickle in your diſpoſition? This is already "the ſecond convent to which you have "taken a diſlike during your ſhort abode

" in this country.—What would be the
" consequence if God had called you to a
" religious life, and it were necessary that
" you should pass all your days in one of
" these pious retreats ?'

" Happily that is not the case :" replied Ida, with a smile.

" But supposing it was ?"

The princess was alarmed. Such a supposition could not be indifferent to her.

" It is far from impossible," continued Subinko. " The affairs of your prophet
" at Prague have taken a very bad turn.—
" Our holy father has excommunicated
" him and his adherents. It was with dif-
" ficulty he escaped the stake, at which I
" hope, by the grace of God, to see him
" one day expire."

Ida could not help shedding tears at the fate that threatened the venerable Huss, from whose mouth she had received so many useful lessons.

" Fie!" cried the archbishop : " Those
" tears are criminal, and render you dou-

"bly an heretic. Would you attempt to "defend the errors of a man who causes "such charming eyes to weep?"

"I can only hear, learn, and pity; I "pretend not to defend: God alone is "judge."

"Very well, my child: I perceive that "you are mild and docile; your case is not "desperate. Yet the fate reserved for "the adherents of that heretic threatens "you. The least punishment that can be "inflicted on you is that of being im-"mured in a convent for life; without "having the liberty of changing every "month. Probably that of St. Anne dis-"pleased you, because its rules are too op-"posite to your worldly and sinful incli-"nations."

Ida began to weep afresh, clasping her hands with a suppliant air.

"Besides this," continued the arch-bishop, "there is a circumstance I scarcely "dare mention, which cannot but render "your situation worse, I am told, you

" are condemned by the ſecret tribunal. Is
" it poſſible, that, ſo young, ſo handſome,
" ſo innocent in appearance, you ſhould be
" ſo enormous a ſinner! . . . . Thus there
" ſeems ſcarcely any choice for you but
" death or a convent."

The archbiſhop perceived the alarms of Ida, and knew ſo well how to heighten her fears, that ſhe fell at his feet to intreat him to ſave her.

"I believe you to be neither rigid, nor
" cruel," ſaid ſhe. " Your eyes aſſure me,
" that you wiſh me well, and would be diſ-
" poſed to aſſiſt me if you could. Is there
" any thing impoſſible to the powerful Su-
" binko? I aſk only to fly, to hide myſelf,
" till happier times. I could wiſh, too, to
" inform Sophia, duke Albert, or my fa-
" ther, of my ſituation. Oh, do not aban-
" don me! Once more beſtow on one that
" paternal look which tells me that you
" wiſh not my ruin."

"And does it tell you ſo?" replied the prelate with inexpreſſible joy. " Suppoſe

"I were now to assure you that it spoke
"truth; that I am come purposely to de-
"liver you; and that I was prejudiced in
"your favour the first moment of your be-
"ing presented to me at Prague?—You
"might easily have guessed this from the
"liberty I have permitted you to enjoy.—
"No one else in your place would have
"obtained from me the same indulgence,
"particularly when accused of heresy."

"Ah confirm, then, my pleasing
"hopes!" said Ida, still on her knees.—
"Let my father know where I am; it is
"with him I should believe myself most in
"safety."

"Why should you go so far, my child,
"for succour?" replied he, taking her by
the hand. "If you have need of a fa-
"ther, cannot I supply the place of one?
"You see I am growing old . . . . . though
"not so very old neither . . . . but old
"enough to stand in need of a young and
"obliging governante. Are you willing to
"take upon you the office? . . . . I am at

" present disengaged from all the fatiguing
" duties I had to fulfil at Prague.—
" For the future I shall reside at my mag-
" nificent palace on the borders of the
" Danube. Come, and share with me,
" during the remainder of my life, the
" pleasures of that delightful retirement.
" You shall be my daughter, my friend;
" and, at my death, heiress of all my
" riches."

Ida listened with great attention, without perfectly comprehending what she heard. To be the daughter, the governante, the friend of a good old man, and to await happier times under the protection of the pontiff of Hungary, were proposals not to be rejected by a mind free from suspicion: yet an internal sentiment, and the knowledge she had of the manners of the age, whispered, that the arrangement was not practicable. Besides, the familiarity of the prelate, and the manner in which he gazed on her, whilst she was at

his knees, diſpleaſed her. She withdrew her hand from between his, and aroſe. She had already remained too long in that humiliating ſituation, which was perhaps pleasing to him, becauſe it reduced her to a level with his own diminutive figure, and thus enabled him to contemplate her charms more at eaſe.

"You muſt not be offended, charming "princeſs," continued he, again taking her hand.

"A convent, if it muſt be ſo, will be "the moſt ſuitable retreat for me, till bet- "ter times. My rank . . . ."

"Speak not of your rank? we know "you to be the princeſs of Wirtemberg; "but hiſtory informs us, that perſons of "far ſuperior ſtations have not diſdained "the friendſhip of a biſhop . . . . Think of "Matilda, marchioneſs of Tuſcany: ſhe "was proud of being the ſpiritual daughter "of pope Gregory VII; and on that ac- "count is ſtill venerated, though more

" than three centuries have elapſed ſince " her death."

The archbiſhop needed not have ſpoken more clearly, to let Ida into the knowledge of his deſigns. She ſtood petrified, her eyes caſt down, without anſwering a word. Her face was by turns reddened with ſcarlet, and covered with a deadly paleneſs; whilſt the holy prelate, all on fire, ſeemed to expect a favourite deciſion from her mouth.

" Matilda of Tuſcany!" ſaid Ida to herſelf: " Horrible! I and Matilda!"

In thoſe days, it is true, the ſtory of Matilda and her only lover was not deemed as ſcandalous as it now is; though it was then appreciated with ſufficient juſtice to be an object of deteſtation to every honeſt mind. Ida trembled: ſhe repulſed the archbiſhop's hands, which were continually endeavouring to lay hold of her's; an involuntrary tear ſtole from her eye; and ſhe turned away from him in manifeſt diſguſt.

The amorous old prelate did not for this diſcontinue his ſolicitations ; and Ida, driven to the extreme, could ſcarcely forbear burſting into a rage, if it were poſſible that ſuch a ſentiment could have found place in ſo gentle a breaſt. Both, however, were highly dipleaſed, and they parted with mutual aſperity and threats.

CHAPTER X.

" WHAT will become of me?" exclaimed Ida when ſhe was alone: " Hea-
" vens! What will become of me? The
" the vengeance of this wretch will not fail to
" purſue me. Never, O never, ſhall I
" again ſee thoſe I love."

She repaired to the princeſs Gara to impart to her her unhappineſs, and aſk her advice. Her words expired on her lips. She bluſhed to acquaint another with the humiliating propoſal that had been made her.

" The archbiſhop has been with you;" ſaid the princeſs Gara: " Did you obſerve
" no alteration in him?"

" I know too little of him to judge....
" He appeared to be out of humour, de-
" jected, abſent.... Do you know the cauſe
" of it?"

Can he have had the aſſurance, thought Ida, to ſpeak of what has paſſed between us? and the blood flew to her face.

"Yes," continued the princeſs Gara, "the abbeſs communicated to me the cauſe, "but, under the ſtricteſt charge of ſecrecy. "You are not ignorant of the diſputes he "has had with the new Bohemian preacher. "Subinko carried matters ſo far, that Win- "ceſlaus at length was offended, and ordered "him to be privately informed, no doubt at "the inſtigation of Sophia, that his preſence "would be diſpenſed with. In fact, he is, "as it were, deprived of his dignities in "Bohemia. King Sigiſmond, it is true, "protects him ſtill; and he will remain "what he was in Hungary: but how long "will that continue?"

"Can it be true!" ſaid Ida, interrupting her: "is this unworthy being really de- "prived of all his authority? And ſhall I "have nothing to fear from him?"

Attributing the joy Ida manifeſted at the archbiſhop's fall, to former reaſons ſhe had to complain of him, the princeſs gave her a more circumſtantial account of what appeared to afford her ſo much pleaſure.—

During this narration, Ida found all her fears vaniſh; and ſhe reſolved to avail herſelf of her liberty to go the next day to St. Emery.

She communicated to the nuns her deſign; and they informed her, that the archbiſhop had ordered them, if ſhe perſiſted in it, to let her go.

The alarms of Ida reſpecting the conduct of her perſecutors, were thus intirely diſſipated. "The power of this wretch is "ſo curtailed," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "he "dares not even oppoſe my wanderings.— "I will continue them, till I find what I "ſeek, and then will be happy in ſpite of "him, and of all the enemies of innocence. "—It is true, I might repair to Italy to my "father; or chuſe any other place, where "I might think myſelf ſafe: but no, I will "remain true to the point I have under- "taken: I will firſt execute the commiſſion "of duke Albert, and then think of my- "ſelf."

Ida departed. The journey to St. Emery was too long to be performed on

foot, as the fair traveller wiſhed, and a carriage was therefore procured her. She requeſted that one of the nuns might be permitted to accompany her; but ſhe was told, that the archbiſhop had forbidden it. His authority is ſtill great, thought the princeſs of Wirtemberg, as ſhe deſcended the mountain, on which the convent was ſituated, and entered the valley that ſeparated it from St. Anne's.

At a diſtance ſhe perceived armed men approaching. Their number, however, was ſmall; and their peaceable appearance was little alarming. As they approached, ſhe diſcovered, that they wore the ſame armour as ſhe had noticed the day before on the attendants of the archbiſhop. A cold ſweat ſeized her. If they had any deſigns on her, to eſcape was impoſſible.

One of the cavaliers, an elderly man, of a venerable appearance, came up to the carriage, and ſaid, they were charged to eſcort her.

"To eſcort me! Whither?"

"To the place where you are going; to "the convent."

"Is it indeed to the convent? I conjure "you, my honeſt old friend, tell me the "truth?"

"It is as true, as I pray God and the "holy Virgin may be my protectors," replied he, putting his hand to his heart, with a devout air.

An honeſt open countenance generally removes diſtruſt. Ida believed what he ſaid, and was tranquilliſed. But ſhe was not long deceived. The journey was ſooner finiſhed than ſhe expected. The diſtance to St. Emery was conſiderable; yet ſhe heard one of her conductors ſay, "We ſhall ſoon be there: I ſee already "the walls of the convent."

The princeſs put her head out of the carriage, and perceived the ſteeple of St. Anne's. "Whither are you carrying me?" cried ſhe.

"To the convent of St. Anne's; as we "told you before."

"I am going to St. Emery's."

"We had no orders for that."

Ida attempted to leap out of the carriage. But the old man who firſt ſpoke to her, prevented her. ſhe called him by the name of traitor, without reflecting, that ſhe had not enquired to what convent they were going to conduct her.

The cavalier aſſured her, he had not deceived her intentionally. "Why ſhould "I?" ſaid he, "Were you not in our "power? And muſt you not have gone "whither we had orders to conduct you?"

The princeſs drew back, and burſt into tears. The carriage entered the gate of the convent. She was obliged to alight; and found herſelf once more in a place which an abode of a few weeks had rendered ſo diſagreeable, and which ſhe could not now ſoon hope to quit.

She was conducted to the abbeſs.— "Welcome princeſs," ſaid ſhe: "I find "our ſiſters of St. Nicholas have had the "ſame fortune as ourſelves: you were ſoon

"tired of them.—We, indeed, have ap-
"parently the advantage: you viſit us a
"ſecond time, whereas you have quitted
"them for ever."

"For ever?" ſaid Ida.

"Yes: if I may believe the arch-
"biſhop—you are going to commence
"your noviciate with us. You will be
"permitted to enter into our order, and
"ſhare all the rights and privileges we
"enjoy."

"I have no deſire to embrace a religi-
"ous life, and in this convent leſs than
"any where."

"Princeſs, you force me to ſay things
"that will not pleaſe you. Would you
"have me openly declare, that you are
"purſued by the ſecret tribunal? And
"that there is no ſafety for you but in a
"convent? None of our ladies will treat
"you as a ſiſter, if this be known. Per-
"ſons like you ſhould be confined in houſes
"of correction. You may thank the arch-
"biſhop, who is deſirous of ſaving you,

" for having kept it a ſecret; and enjoined
" me to do the ſame: yet in ſpite of theſe
" precautions, I fear you will ſcarcely be
" ſecure even within the walls of our holy
" habitation."

To this Ida gave no anſwer but tears. Aſcribing them to repentance, the abbeſs aſſured her of her protection, and gave her her hand to kiſs; a proof that ſhe already conſidered her as of the number of thoſe unfortunate beings ſubject to her religious ſway.

Hiſtory does not inforn us, whether the princeſs acted according to etiquette on this occaſion; but we have great reaſon to doubt it. The misfortune to which ſhe found herſelf at this moment obnoxious, was yet too new, for her to yield to what was expected of her, or conſent voluntarily to humble herſelf before her deſpotic ſovereign.

"Ah!" ſaid ſhe, with a ſigh, when ſhe arrived in her cell: "how could I be ſo
" weak as to believe, that an offence given

"an ecclesiastic prince would remain un-" "revenged? How imprudent was I to" "quit those good nuns of St. Nicholas, to" "make myself a prisoner in a place like" "this! There I should have been less ex-" "posed to the archbishop's cruelty: there" "at least I should have had the princess" "Gara to witness my treatment, and be" "my adviser: and had I absolutely been" "obliged to embrace a religous life, my" "fate would have been infinitely more" "bearable in the convent of St. Nicholas," "than in that of St. Anne. . . . . How" "much do I regret, that I did not at least" "inform the princess Gara of the scene" "that took place between me and my per-" "secutor! The knowlege of this would" "have rendered her attentive to my desti-" "ny, and made her perhaps suspect the" "truth, when she shall find that I am not" "at St. Emery."

Thus complained Ida, till convinced that regret was no remedy for ills, and that patience and activity alone could enable her to surmount the calamity with which she was threatened.

Ida's ſituation was now far different from what it had formerly been. Before, ſhe was treated with reſpect, had the beſt chamber in the houſe, and enjoyed every poſſible liberty. Now every thing was changed, every thing was poiſoned by the reflection, that here ſhe was to remain for ever.

Her ſole conſolation was the year of her noviciate, before the expiration of which ſhe could not be conſtrained to pronounce the irrevocable vow. "How many "things," ſaid ſhe, "may happen in that "period! my life has already been ſo "crowded with viciſſitudes, that Provi-"dence may ſtill perhaps bring about "events which will produce a happy "change in my lot." Hope, ſweet bleſ-ſing of heaven, how does thy preſence, the inſtant thou approacheſt the unfortunate, comfort and relieve them! Their ſufferings become ſupportable, their chains appear light, they but half feel the troubles of the

present moment, and they ſmile at the future.

Expecting deliverance, Ida reſolved not to give way to ſorrow and unavailing grief. The firſt ſix months of her noviciate were ſpent, as uſual, in fertile, though tireſome practices; when ſhe heard with pleaſure, that a taſk more fatiguing, and more mournful, though far nobler, was allotted her. She was appointed to attend the infirmary. To comfort the afflicted, and to weep with the unhappy, had ever been with her favourite employments. The inſalubrious ſituation of St. Ann's rendered ſo many ſick, that one nurſe would ſcarcely ſuffice. Ida's care and attention, however, diminiſhed the number, and patients were reſtored to the community, who had long been, as it were, buried in this noiſome retreat.

The gratitude of thoſe who were thus ſnatched from the jaws of death, was not the ſole recompence of our heroine. She became acquainted with nuns ſhe had never

before ſeen, and who were, in many reſpects, the moſt eſtimable in the houſe.—Afflicted, oppreſſed, abandoned, they went but too ſoon to inhabit the infirmary, where they reſpired impure air, and received bad aliment, whilſt their companions in health made a jeſt of their misfortunes, or ſaw their laſt moments approaching with the moſt cruel unconcern. To recover them, Ida employed moral as well as phyſical remedies, and prepared them to ſupport, with more courage, the evils to which they were again to be expoſed, evils that would ceaſe but with their lives.

CHAPTER XI.

AMONGST the ſick, whoſe number, thanks to the care and ſympathetic kindneſs of our heroine, was now reduced to three or four; one remained, who, from the firſt, had particularly attracted her attention. She was extremely patient, and never complained. Her diſeaſe ſeemed incurable. It conſiſted in a total decay of the vital powers, a ſtate of debility which old age produces; though the good nun had at moſt but reached the meridian of life. Her ſufferings were not ſolely corporeal; her mind bore it's full ſhare, but not, as ſhe frequently confeſſed to Ida, in their moments of more familiar converſation, from fear of the future, to which ſhe looked forward as promiſing her one continued day of ſerenity in the manſions of eternal peace, but from ſad remembrance of the paſt, the griefs and terrors of which were conſtantly recurring to her thoughts.

Some words, which dropped from her, ſeemed to hint, that ſhe had loſt all ſhe held dear in the world, and loſt it in a cruel and extraordinary manner.

Ida could not help entertaining ſuſpicions, though they were very ſlight, that this nun might poſſibly be the perſon ſhe ſought; but ſhe could by no means get from her any particulars of her hiſtory. Conceiving, that the beſt means of exciting her confidence would be to relate her own, ſhe ſeized the firſt opportunity that preſented itſelf when they were alone together.

When ſhe arrived at that part of her ſtory where Herman related his adventures at the caſtle of Cyly, ſhe obſerved the nun much affected. There were two perſons, that figured conſpicuouſly in her tale, whoſe names muſt make a forcible impreſſion, if ſhe were the perſon ſuſpected. Burning, therefore, to develope this myſtery, ſhe continued her recital in the following terms:

"I have already informed you, that it "was duke Albert of Auſtria, who took "me under his protection at Nuremberg, "and promiſed to obtain me protection in "a convent in Hungary. Into this coun- "try I was brought, as you know, in a "manner very different from what I expect- "ed. I have not, however, forgotten the "commiſſion with which I was charged. "Ah, my dear ſiſter! a commiſſion, on which "the happineſs of many depends. Ought "I to entruſt it to you? Yes, certainly, I "may without danger.

"Duke Albert—I am aſtoniſhed you "ſeem not to know it, is betrothed to an "amiable young princeſs. That princeſs "had a mother, who for ſixteen years was "ſuppoſed to be dead, and of whoſe exiſt- "ence the duke then for the firſt time "heard. Now it is my buſineſs to find "out this mother. Her name is Mary; "her daughter's Elizabeth.

"Elizabeth! Mary!" exclaimed the nun, in a tone more eaſily conceived than deſcribed.

"Elizabeth, daughter of king Sigif-"mond," replied Ida; "and Mary, the "unfortunate queen of Hungary."

"Unfortunate indeed;" cried the nun, clafping her hands together. "But you "talk of perfons who are no more.— "Mary is dead! fhe muft be fo, and Eli-"zabeth . . . . did fhe not die in her in-"fancy?"

"Elizabeth!—O no: fhe is alive, heir-"efs to the kingdom of Hungary, and "betrothed to the nobleft prince upon "earth."

"Impoffible! impoffible! Ah, would "it were true! How I could wifh once "more to clafp the dear infant to my "bofom!"

Ida now perceived as clearly as the reader, what they both probably have for fome time fufpected. Her heart beat with anxious joy: yet fhe concealed her emotion, and continued thus:

"I wifh with all my heart, I could "immediately introduce to you the prin-

"cefs of whom you feem fo fond: but "fhe refides at fome diftance, in the con- "vent of Klaufenburg. There is however "one of her friends in the neighbourhood, "the princefs Gara."

"The princefs Gara!—Vifionary! fhe "too is dead. You know fhe died a little "after I—a little after Mary was delivered "of Elizabeth."

"The princefs Gara is living. She is "at St. Nicholas's. I left her there when "I came to this convent."

"Gara living! my dear Gara living!— "and Elizabeth not dead!—What joy!— "No, no: it is impoffible!"

As Mary uttered thefe words, fhe fainted. The princefs of Wirtemberg, kneeling by her fide, endeavoured to recover her.— "Auguft queen," cried fhe, "dear unhap- "py Mary, aroufe yourfelf, days more "fortunate await you."

Mary opened her eyes, looked round her with an air of aftonifhment, afked new queftions, could no longer conceal who fhe

was, a hundred times desired Ida to assure her whether what she had said were really true; and at length, convinced, she gave herself up to the most pleasing sensations.

This interesting discovery could not have been effected with more caution; yet were its consequences severe. The queen became dangerously ill. Ida wept by her bedside, and despaired of presenting her alive to her daughter.

The princess repaired to the abbess, and with much humility, a virtue to which she had been obliged to habituate herself, begged premission that Veronica, which was the name adopted by Mary when she took the veil, might be removed to St. Nicholas, for the benefit of the air, hoping she might there recover more speedily, or at least die more at ease.

Her request was refused with some petulence; and she was asked, if her inclination for wandering were again returned.

"I ask it not for myself," said Ida, "but for a sick person. Let me only

"have permiſſion to attend her thither,
"deliver her into the hands of the nurſes
"of the infirmary of St. Nicholas, and
"acquaint them how ſhe ought to be treat-
"ed; I will immediately return to St.
"Anne's, which I humbly acknowledge as
"the place of my deſtination."

The bbeſs did not ſeem to think the life of a nun worth ſo much attention.—Ida remarked that Mary was not known here by her true name; ſhe durſt not diſcover it, and ſhe ſorrowfully returned to her patient.

CHAPTER XII.

THE princeſs devoted herſelf entirely to the ſervice of the unfortunate queen.—They were humane enough in the convent not to diſturb her in the exerciſe of her charity: her noviciate drew towards an end; ſhe had behaved irreproachably during it; and it was contrary to rule to begin anew to torment a candidate for the veil, when the time of her probation was nearly expired.

Day and night were Ida's thoughts employed on means of alleviating the ſorrows of the queen, and procuring her an interview with her daughter Elizabeth. All her hopes centered in the annual viſits of the nuns of St. Nicholas to their elder ſiſters of St. Anne's, the time of which was not far diſtant. It was poſſible ſhe might find amongſt the viſitors ſome nun to whom ſhe could entruſt a meſſage for the princeſs Gara.

In the mean time her affectionate cares were not loſt; and the queen began to recover. The princeſs of Wirtemberg kept up her ſpirits, by endeavouring to inſpire her with the hopes ſhe herſelf felt. Deſpondency gradually diminiſhed. She had fancied ſhe had loſt every thing dear to her: already ſhe had found ſomething to make her in love with life: why ſhould ſhe not indulge this conſolotary ſentiment?

Ida had heard a conſiderable part of the queen's adventures from the princeſs Gara; yet the end of her ſtory remained a myſtery, which no one could explain to her but Mary herſelf. This, from a perſon ſo feeble, ſhe could not deſire; it would be tearing open her yet bleeding wounds. She ſuffered not therefore her curioſity to eſcape her. It was obſerved, however, by the queen, whom ſhe had inſpired with the tendereſt attachment.

"I perceive your wiſh, my dear Ida," ſaid ſhe one day, "and, heaven be praiſed, "I can gratify it, without giving myſelf

" pain. You shall know all. I have com-
" mitted it to writing. My pen was my
" sole consolation in this melancholy abode.
" To recite my griefs was an amusement;
" and I was willing to leave behind me the
" remembrance of my cruel sufferings, that
" my tears might not be wholly confounded
" with the fearful torrent of those that are
" incessantly flowing on the world of
" misery, and that their traces might not be
" totally obliterated."

" Where is this precious writing to be
" found, that contains the misfortunes of a
" saint?"

" There is but one place in this con-
" vent, held inviolate by malignant curi-
" osity. There have I concealed my
" journal.—The tomb covers my secret.—
" Agreeably to the custom of the convent,
" I have with my own hands digged my
" grave: frequently have I visited it:
" frequently have I watered it with my
" tears; and to it have I confided my sor-
" rows. You will easily find the place.—A
" cross, on which is inscribed the name of

"Veronica, will point it out to you, and
"the moon will enable you to difcover it."

It was midnight, and every one was afleep. Ida ran to the cemetery. With eager curiofity fhe wandered amongft the tombs. It was fome time before fhe difcovered the grave of Veronica, which fhe had been too long in the infirmary to keep in order, and no friendly hand had undertaken that office. The earth had fallen in, the crofs had tumbled down, and Ida would not have difcovered it, had not fhe poffeffed fagacity enough to diftinguifh it by its difordered ftate. She raplaced the crofs, threw out the earth, found the journal, and was returning to the infirmary, when a noife at one end of the cemetery caught her attention.

In thofe days it was doubly meritorious for a young perfon to have courage to walk at midnight amongft the habitations of the dead. The perfuafion, that the fpirits of the departed continued to haunt thofe manfions where their mortal vefture was depofed, exifted in full force. The pious Ida

ſincerely believed it: yet had ſhe courage not to fly. She hid herſelf under an old alder tree, cloſe to the wall of the burying ground, and which ſcarcely exceeded it in height.

The leaves trembled over her head; and on the ground ſhe perceived a ſhadow projected by the light of the moon. It was not the wind that ſhook the leaves; for the night was perfectly calm. Some words uttered in a low-voice increaſed her fears. The trunk of the tree, againſt which ſhe leaned, received a violent ſhock, and at a ſmall diſtance from her deſcended a human figure, large, and of a fearful aſpect. Had ſhe poſſeſſed the will, ſhe had no longer the power to fly. What ſhe ſaw, and what ſhe ſhortly after heard, bore ſo little analogy to the ideas ſhe had formed of apparitions, that her fear was now of a nature totally different from that of ghoſts.

"This way," ſaid the figure, with a low voice, and looking to the top of the tree: "Lay hold of that branch, and then

"leap boldly, and you will light ſafely
"where I am."

Ida again perceived the ſame movement as before, and a ſecond perſon deſcended.

"You ſee," ſaid the firſt, "that our "enterprize is not impracticable. Let us "now conſider what is to be done. Obſerve "thoſe grated windows, where you perceive "a light. They are thoſe of the infirmary, "in which, for ſome time paſt, ſhe has al- "moſt conſtantly reſided. They are not "ſo high but we . . . ."

The men were now gone too far for Ida to hear more. She would willingly have fled: but fear reſtrained her more than curioſity. To arrive at the gate of the convent, ſhe muſt have paſſed theſe men, who appeared to have no good deſign. Under her tree ſhe was ſafe, and there ſhe remained.

At length the men returned. The face of one of them ſeemed not altogether unknown to her; that of the other ſhe could not ſee.

"The ſafeſt way, no doubt," ſaid one of them, "would be to acquaint her with "your deſign: but how can we procure an "interview with her?"

"The feaſt of St. Nicholas," ſaid the other, "is at hand. On that day the nuns "have more liberty, and it will be poſſible "perhaps to ſpeak with her either in the "garden, or in the cemetery. Yet why "ſhould we delay? The period of her tak- "ing the veil approaches, and there is no "time to be loſt, it will be prudent, there- "fore, to proceed immediately to action."

Whilſt they were thus talking, Ida recognized one of them for a cavalier belonging to the archbiſhop. The author of the ſtratagem was no longer a myſtery to her. It appeared evident, that her old perſecutor, deceived in his expectation, that the miſerable life ſhe led at St. Anne's would induce her to comply with his deſires, was unwilling to let things go too far, and choſe rather to carry her off before ſhe took the veil, than to loſe her for ever.

The men being gone to a diſtant part of the cemetery, Ida ſtole from her hiding place, reached the gate ſafely, ſhut it after her, and arrived almoſt breathleſs at the infirmary, where ſhe found the queen uneaſy at her long abſence. This, however, was ſoon removed, when ſhe appeared, bringing with her the journal, which fortunately ſhe had not forgotten.

Much as ſhe had pitied the unhappy queen, ſhe was ſtill more affected at her fate, when ſhe reflected, that her laſt comfort was attempted to be raviſhed from her. What would have become of Mary, if her dear companion had that night been carried off, and ſhe had expected her return in vain?

It was with difficulty the princeſs concealed from the queen her extreme agitation, under the appearance of the emotion excited by reading the journal. When Mary was aſleep, Ida gave free ſcope to her reflections, and almoſt ſunk under the dread of the danger which threatened them.

"Oh!" ſaid ſhe, "that the feſtival of "St. Nicholas were paſt! Would that I had "put the fate of Mary beyond the power "of chance! As to myſelf, if other re- "ſources fail, the enunciation of my vow "will at leaſt give me ſecurity; and I "would rather make this cloiſter my abode "for ever, than become the Matilda of this "deteſtable Gregory."

Ida went to the window, to ſee whether the nocturnal viſitants of the cemetery were yet gone. All was quiet. She obſerved, however, that it was not impracticable, with a little management, to carry off a perſon from that part of the convent. The windows were not high, the bars were in many places nearly eaten through with ruſt, and it was plain that the wall was no inſurmountable barrier.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE remainder of the night was employed by the princeſs in conſidering what ſteps it would be moſt prudent to take.— Day was no ſooner broken, than ſhe repaired to the abbeſs, to acquaint her with the events of the night, ſuppreſſing only certain circumſtances, which the reader will be at no loſs to conjecture, and the name of the archbiſhop, which ſhe did not think proper to mention. She had not forgotten what ſhe had heard the new Bohemian preacher ſay of the diſſolute lives of the clergy, and the good underſtanding that ſecretly prevailed between the nuns and their eccleſiaſtical ſuperiors. She knew not how far the deſigns ſhe aſcribed to the archbiſhop might ſucceed, and therefore ſhe ſpoke only in general terms of what had happened.

Her reception was flattering. The abbeſs rejoiced, that Ida at length began to

give proofs of her religious vocation, and exhorted her to perſevere. Meaſures too were taken to repair the old wall; and it was thought proper to remove the nurſe and her patient from the dangerous chamber they had hitherto inhabited, to one more convenient.

As the feſtival of St. Nicholas approached, Ida's agitation increaſed. The wiſhed-for day at length arrived; the nuns made their appearance. Mary, who had acquired ſtrength ſufficient to go to her window, ſaw them come, and heard their ſong. "Go, my child," ſaid ſhe to the princeſs, "and loſe no time; who knows how ſhort "the moments may be, that you will be "able to dedicate to the emancipation of "us both?"

Ida went. As a novice, ſhe had ſuppoſed ſhe ſhould have been excluded from the aſſembly of the nuns, and ſhould be obliged to ſeize, for the execution of her project, ſome moment offered by chance: in conſequence, however, of the adventure

of the cemetery, ſhe was admitted to enjoy the privileges of a profeſſed nun. She had feared, too, that her reſidence in the convent would be kept ſecret, as ſhe had been brought thither in ſome reſpect by force; but ſhe ſoon diſcovered, that the votaries of St. Anne, were vain of having ſeduced one of thoſe of St. Nicholas, and proud of having inſpired the worldly minded princeſs of Wirtemberg with an inclination for a monaſtic life.

News like this could not be very pleaſing to the ſervants of St. Nicholas. Though, in other reſpects, good ſort of girls, they were not wholly exempt from jealouſy, which ſingularly prevails within the walls of a convent, where it ſprings and flouriſhes as in its native ſoil. Of courſe they envied their venerable ſiſters this conqueſt.

"I could not have thought this of you," ſaid one of the principal nuns of St. Nicholas to Ida; "I could never have imagined that the princeſs of Wirtemberg would have preferred another convent

" to ours, had ſhe been diſpoſed to take the
" veil."

" Oh," anſwered Ida, " if you knew " what has happened to me!"

The nun's countenance changed from the expreſſion of diſcontent to that of compaſſion. She was about to aſk ſome queſtion; and Ida, who had no time to loſe, was preparing to communicate to her thoſe ſecrets with which her heart was oppreſſed, when a nun of St. Anne's came to interrupt the converſation. It was not judged prudent to permit the new ſiſter to be much alone with the amiable ſeducers of St. Nicholas; and ſhe was ſo carefully watched, that ſhe feared ſhe ſhould have no opportunity of accompliſhing her purpoſe. She eſcaped for a few moments to viſit the queen; imparted to her her embarraſſment, and a new ſcheme ſhe had formed; obtained her conſent; and returned to join the company.

" In the name of God," whiſpered the nun of St. Nicholas, who appeared to have

waited for her in a corner of the cloifter, " tell me by what means you were brought " to this convent. The princefs Gara and " I have fought you every where, and " this is the laft place in which we fhould " have expected to find you. How, then, " came you hither ?"

" Almoft by force," anfwered Ida.— She would have faid more, but fhe was inftantly called by the abbefs, and the converfation was again interrupted. During the frugal repaft, when Ida was obferved by a thoufand eyes, the abbefs delivered a public eulogy of the manner in which the new fifter had voluntarily fubmitted to take the veil, of her conduct during her noviciate, and of her having herfelf difcovered that a defign was formed of ftealing her from the convent. " I entreat you, my dear fifters," added fhe with an air of devotion, " to pray " God and his faints to preferve her from " temptation, and from every defire of re- " turning to a corrupt world, till the time " of her taking the habit, which we will fix

"for this day month, being the feſtival of "ſaint Scholaſtica."

The nuns of St. Nicholas begged permiſſion to aſſiſt at the ceremony. This appeared contrary to rule, and was refuſed.

Towards evening, however, the princeſs found an opportunity of ſaying a few words by ſtealth to her friend, the nun of St. Nicholas: "Tell the princeſs Gara," ſaid ſhe, "that I have diſcovered Mary, and that "ſhe expects ſpeedy relief." The nun lifted her eyes to heaven with a look of aſtoniſhment.

"May I confide in you without dan-"ger?" added Ida.

The nun anſwered in the affirmative, with an air of frankneſs, and ſeemed to reproach her for doubting it.

"Take this writing then, and deliver "it to the princeſs Gara. Recommend "her above all things to be diligent. The "queen is living: ſhe is in this convent, "but extremely weakened by a tedious "illneſs."

Scarcely had the nun time to conceal in her bosom the journal of the queen, when a messenger from the abbess came to inform our novice, with a look of some dissatisfaction, that it was time to retire to her cell; adding, that she had made too free with the liberty allowed her, to be permitted longer to enjoy it.

Ida immediately retired to join Mary, to whom she gave an account of the success of her enterprize. They discoursed of nothing else till night was far advanced; they formed conjectures, expressed doubts, and gave way to fears, but ultimately cherished hopes, that heaven would prosper their virtuous endeavours.

The next day the abbess sent for the princess.

" My daughter," said she, " we had
" good reasons yesterday for wishing to
" prevent all communication between you
" and our dangerous sisters of St. Nicholas.
" It is not impossible but they may be
" secretly in league with your persecutors.

"Consider the culpable desire they mani-
"fested of assisting at your taking the habit;
"and besides sister Margaret declares she
"saw the nun who last spoke to you con-
"ceal in her bosom a paper; probably a
"vile letter from one of your friends in
"the great world, who wishes to draw you
"anew into its pollution."

Ida, fearing that Mary's journal had been discovered, blushed and was so embarrassed that she could scarcely ask if any thing had been found upon the nun.

"No," replied the abbess, "we have
"found nothing; and indeed we should be
"sorry to pollute our hands with such pro-
"fane writings. What I told you was mere
"conjecture .... But tell me," added the abbess, "for your change of colour looks
"suspicious, what did she say to you?"

"She .... she ... she ... proposed
"to me to take a walk in the cemetery," said Ida trembling.

"I was right," replied the old lady.
"If you had complied, you would have been

"lost for ever: for know, unhappy child, "when satan so eagerly pursues, that our "walls are not too lofty for our enemies. "Yesterday evening one of our sisters was "seized by two men, and dragged towards "a ladder which they had placed ready. "Fear prevented her crying out; but her "veil falling off saved her. The sanctity "and devotion imprinted on her counte-"nance awed her ravishers.—It was cer-"tainly one of St. Anne's greatest miracles. "—The mistake was, no doubt, fortunate "for you, for the falling off of your veil "would by no means have produced the "same effect; your countenance is yet too "worldly to inspire such respect. Do not, "however, be cast down; age and rigid "mortifications of the flesh may one day "enable you to enjoy the same advantages."

Ida could scarcely refrain from laughter at this recital, and the reflections that accompanied it, notwithstanding the fear and sorrow with which her mind was agitated.

"You see," continued the abbess, "we "begin to treat you with more confidence,

" and to conſider you already as one of our
" ſiſters. I muſt inform you, therefore,
" that the ſnares laid for you become daily
" more and more evident. This morning
" two bars of the infirmary window were
" found cut through with a file. You muſt
" conſequently be kept more recluſe, till
" the day when you will triumph over the
" world. Be comforted, however: our pro-
" tector, the archbiſhop, ſhall be informed
" of all, who will take care that you ſhall
" be ſafe."

At the name of the archbiſhop, Ida claſped her hands together with an expreſſion of the moſt lively terror. This action appeared highly edifying to the abbeſs, who knew not its true motive, and ſhe diſmiſſed our novice with extreme kindneſs.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE minds of Ida and Mary were agitated with fear and anxiety, in expectation of the effect that would be produced at St. Nicholas by the information they had sent thither. A long and melancholy week passed away, without the least gleam of hope appearing. At the end of it, however, Ida was sent for by the abbess.

" Daughter," said she, " I have some " very extraordinary news to impart to " you. Your enemies, finding they can- " not force you from your holy vocation " by violence, have recourse to stratagem. " But, praised be St. Anne, we are too " mighty for them; and shall know how to " frustrate their pernicious designs."

Ida trembled at these words, and at perceiving in the hands of the abbess a writing to which the archbishop's seal was affixed.

" It is now incontrovertibly demon- " strated," continued the abbess, " that the " nuns of St. Nicholas are of the number

"of those who have conspired against the "salvation of your soul. This morning "the princess Gara, who resides in that "convent, sent us this order from our holy "father, which we permit you with due re-"spect to peruse."

Ida took the paper as she was directed, that is to say, with a reverend genuflection, and read as follows:

"Holy and devout mother in God, lady "and abbess of the convent of St. Anne, "we give you our benediction, and wish "you all prosperity.

"In virtue of these presents you are "ordered to deliver, without making any "difficulty, into the hands of the nuns of "St. Nicholas, your sisters, the reverend "mother Veronica, who resides in your "convent, and demands this change on ac-"count of her extreme weakness, and the "young novice N. N. (called in the world "by the name of Ida of Wirtemberg); "which doing, you will fulfil our will.

"SUBINKO, *Archbishop.*"

The princeſs trembled with joy and fear, and returned the letter, without being able to utter a word.

"Your emotion, your ſilence," reſumed the abbeſs, "ſufficiently evince your "thoughts. But do not fear, my child; "you ſhall remain with us. In this letter "the holy father directs us what conduct to "purſue. Obſerve theſe characters, unin- "telligible to every one except his holineſs "and myſelf, and which the nuns of St. "Nicholas probably noticed as little as you. "They acquaint us with his real inten- "tions."

Looking again at the letter, Ida perceived a line of ſmall figures, which ſhe had before regarded as one of the ornaments then in uſe. Her fear increaſed, and ſhe was able only to caſt upon the reverend mother a look of dread.

"You do not underſtand it," ſaid the old lady, burſting into a laugh. "I believe "ſo . . . Theſe hieroglyphics ſignify, that "Veronica may be delivered to the nuns

" without difficulty: but that the young
" novice N. N. whom his holineſs deſigns
" to honour with his protection, muſt be
" detained under ſome plauſible pretext.

" Agreeably to this order, the ſick nun,
" who has long been a burden to you, will
" be delivered in the courſe of the morning
" to thoſe whom the princeſs may ſend. It
" is a matter of total indifference, whether
" ſhe be buried at St. Nicholas's or St.
" Anne's. You, child, will remain here,
" and patiently await the day that will de-
" liver you from all the perſecutions both
" of the world and the devil. The ap-
" proach of the moment when you are to
" pronounce your vows is a ſufficient pre-
" text for refuſing your departure."

This terrible ſentence affected Ida extremely. Her joy at the queen's deliverance, ſorrow at being ſeparated from her deſpair at ſeeing herſelf compelled to take the veil, agitated her ſo much, that her legs trembled under her, and ſhe was ready to faint.

" Why are you thus uneasy, my child?" said the abbess, rising to support her.— " You see that your enemies will not suc- " ceed in their designs. Let them take " their course: we will be an overmatch " for them or I am mistaken. Poor Vero- " nica is obviously a mere pretext to get " you into their hands. We will grant " them, what they falsely announce to be " the grand point of their demand; and we " will keep you, whom they would appear " to ask incidentally. Make yourself easy, " therefore: go and prepare for Veronica's " departure; and then come and join me. " In the mean time I shall assemble the whole " community, to compliment you as well " as myself, on our having so happily ex- " tricated ourselves from this dilemma."

Ida retired with weeping eyes, acquainted Mary with her deliverance, who could scarcely contain herself for joy, parted from her with many tears, warmly recommended her to the care of those who came to seek her, and, as she bad her adieu,

begged her not wholly to forget her. If any thing could check the queen's happiness, it certainly was her inability to take with her the person who had effected it, and to participate with Ida the pleasure she was about to enjoy. She promised not to lose sight of her affairs, and quitted her with fervent expressions of her wish for their speedy re-union.

"What will our sisters at St. Nicholas "say? and what our princess?" whispered secretly to Ida the persons sent to fetch her: "when we tell them you refuse to come to "their convent, and prefer remaining at "St. Anne's."

"Refuse!" said Ida. "Oh! tell them "of my tears; my despair. They will "guess the rest."

CHAPTER XV.

SCARCELY could our heroine exert sufficient command over herself to receive with due civility the compliments of the jealous nuns: for here the least advantage was a matter of jealousy. As soon as possible she quitted the hall, and hastened to return to her cell, there to give a loose to her tears.

"O Herman, Herman!" cried she: "didst thou know, that thy beloved was on "the brink of being torn from thee for "ever!—And yet does it not seem as if "vice were more interested in my fate than "love?—To deliver me the archbishop has "made attempts, on which thou hast never "once thought. He perhaps will invent "some means of preventing my taking the "veil, and get me into his power: but "thou . . . Yet could I pardon thee an ac-"tion contrary to the laws? Should I fol-

" low thee, wert thou now to present thy-
" self before me? — Alas! No.—Surely I
" do not in reality desire to be emancipated
" from this frightful captivity, or un-
" doubtedly I should have discovered some
" means of breaking my chains, or at least
" have availed myself of those furnished me
" by chance. But I want courage and re-
" solution.—O Herman, Herman!"

This name, so frequently invoked by Ida in her sorrow, will, no doubt, recal our knight to the remembrance of the reader. We have for some time amused his attention with events in some sort foreign to the chevalier of Unna: perhaps he has forgotten, that Herman is the hero of our story. Let us therefore return to his adventures, though, to do so, we must go back a whole year in our narrative.

It was with great regret he quitted Ratisbon, to follow into Italy the count of Wirtemberg, whom he had liberated.

What would he not have given to have obtained some satisfactory news of Ida

before his departure? But time to make inquiries was wanting. The count of Wirtemberg durſt not, and would not, longer delay his journey. Paternal tenderneſs was far from inſpiring him with ſo livly an intereſt in the fate of Ida, as love inſpired Herman. Beſides he had not yet wholly pardoned his daughter for her imprudence in introducing herſelf to the meeting of the ſecret tribunal; an impiudence to which Ida owed her proſcription, and her father his being compelled to quit Germany.

Neither had Herman any time to loſe. He one day received a note containing only the following words. "Fly, Herman! The avengers are at thy heels!"

It was eaſy to gueſs the author of this billet, which was ſigned *Alexis of the Oaks*, a name that inſtantly recalled to Herman's memory the fair Alicia, and the adventure that befel him near the clump of oaks. In this advice, therefore, he readily diſcovered the friendly hand of Ulric of Senden.

"Adieu! Adieu! dear country that con-"tains all I love!" cried Herman, as he quitted the confines of Germany. "Shall I "ever behold thee again? Alas! my blood "will probably be ſpilt on ſome foreign "land where no one will beſtow a tear "on my corſe. My aſhes, collected by "no friendly hand, will be ſcattered by the "wind: and what will become of Ida?"

Herman, however, arrived ſafe at the camp of the Teutonic Knights. His name was a ſufficient recommendation, and enſured him a flattering reception. He was informed, that amongſt the knights was a perſon, whom they ſuppoſed to be related to him, as his name was John of Unna. He was one of the grand croſſes of the order. His heart beat at this intelligence; but he ſaid nothing. He was introduced to this officer. The two brothers recognized each other and embraced.

"It was you, whom I ſought here," ſaid Herman: "it was you alone by whom I was "drawn hither. How happy to find you ſo "ſoon!"

John affectionately embraced him again: The little Herman, for ſuch he was when he laſt ſaw him, had always been more loved by him than any of his brothers; in like manner as to their ſiſters, he had prefered Anges and Petronilla. A thouſand queſtions concerning the family were put to Herman, who was not tardy in his anſwers. The recital of his adventures was reſerved for a private converſation the next day. Of theſe the Teutonic Knight appeared to be perfectly ignorant.

Herman felt much reſpect for his brother John, whoſe ſituation and manners tended equally to inſpire it. He aſked Herman what induced him to leave Germany. This might have been fully anſwered in ſeven words: "I am purſued by "the ſecret tribunal:" but Herman could not venture to render himſelf ſuſpected by his brother at firſt ſight. He anſwered, therefore, ſtill more ſhortly: "my miſ-"fortunes."

John, without inquiring into particulars, and ſuppoſing misfortune had inſpired his brother with a wiſh to take the habit of the order, contented himſelf with promiſing him advancement by way of conſoling him.

To this Herman anſwered nothing.—The brothers parted. For the mutual relation of their adventures, the next day had been fixed, and the whole of the night was ſpent by Herman in conſidering how he ſhould arrange the long ſeries of events that had befallen him, ſo as to leave on his brother's mind no doubt of his innocence. He was not ignorant, that the ſimpleſt tale is always the beſt, as bearing the ſtamp of ingenuouſneſs: but he had too often had the misfortune to have his actions miſconſtrued by thoſe he loved, not to have become timid.

In the mean time, both his hopes of happineſs, founded on the converſation he was to have with his brother, and his anxiety to maintain a place in his eſteem, ſoon vaniſhed. The moment he was preparing to

quit his tent, in order to wait on him, he received information, that John had ſuddenly ſet off on buſineſs of emergency; and that all he had been able to do before his departure, had been to recommend him to the grand maſter.

To the grand maſter, whoſe name was Ulric of Jungingen, he was accordingly introduced, and met a favourable reception. Suppoſing him deſirous of wearing the croſs, he was informed of the conditions on which it was to be obtained. In thoſe days, it was ſtill more difficult to be admitted a knight of the Teutonic Order, than even at preſent.

Herman ſaw, without regret, this favour deferred, which at bottom he did not deſire. It was enough for him to have obtained permiſſion to ſhare, in ſome meaſure, the glorious achievements of the order, by ſerving under its ſtandard: and he reſolved by his conduct to prevent, at leaſt, any prejudice in his disfavour, if, what he ſo carefully concealed, ſhould be diſcovered.

Our manuſcript does not mention the actions at which our hero was preſent during the ſeven months he ſerved in this army: it ſays only, that on all occaſions he behaved with prudence and courage; that from accidental circumſtances he became extremely intimate with the two Jungingens, the one actual, the other late grand maſter: that the famous Henry Huſs, formerly depoſed, appeared not to be unfriendly to him: and that there was every reaſon to believe he would ſoon have had nothing to oppoſe his admiſſion into the order, when an event arrived, which at once deprived him of the ſafety he enjoyed amongſt the Teutonic Knights, and threw him again on a ſtormy ſea, on which he was like to have periſhed.

Amongſt the candidate knights, Herman made acquaintance with a man, for whom he felt himſelf ſingularly intereſted. He was a ſtern unpoliſhed ſoldier, whoſe countenance appeared to have been roughened by misfortune. He was ſilent and

reſerved to every one but Herman, who had more than once ſaved his life in battle, employed his intereſt with the grand maſter to procure him juſtice againſt the cabals of his enemies, ſeemed to attach himſelf to him for the ſame reaſons which led others to avoid him, and ſought his ſociety becauſe he was unhappy.

Naturally inclined to conſole the afflicted, Herman had long endeavoured to diſcover the cauſe of this knight's ſorrows, that he might apply the balm of comfort to his wounds. At laſt accident effected a mutual confidence.

The friend of Herman revealed to him his name. He was Conrad of Langen, brother to the fair Alicia, who, purſued by the ſecret tribunal, here found a kind of aſylum. The remembrance of his ſiſter, and the reſemblance of their deſtiny, increaſed Herman's attachment to him. He embraced him affectionately, called him his brother, informed him of the alliance that had taken place between their families,

and promiſed to acquaint him without delay with the events of his life.

Herman kept his word, and related his adventures with as much frankneſs as he would have done to his brother the commander. Conrad, alſo, not with-held by the fear of a rigid cenſor, concealed not the leaſt circumſtance of his own. His hiſtory proved, that he was far from not having committed any of the crimes for which he was purſued by the ſecret tribunal: whereas Herman, perfectly innocent, might boldly preſent himſelf and ſay, I am free from guilt.

Conrad, after Herman had finiſhed his tale, was for a while ſilent. "You are "more innocent than I," ſaid he at length: "your affair is not to be compared with "mine; yet is our fate nearly the ſame.— "Might not one be tempted almoſt to re-"nounce virtue, when we conſider, that it "is frequently as obnoxious to misfortune "as vice? The beſt thing we can do, how-"ever, is to quit this country, before the

" rigid Teutonic Knights ſhall know our ſi-
" tuation. Their eyes ultimately penetrate
" every thing: they are nearly as clear-
" ſighted as our enemies the free judges.—
" Do not hope to be admitted into their
" order, without a ſtrict inquiry being
" made into your conduct: and, if they
" learn the motives of your arrival here,
" expect to be judged with ſeverity, for
" their delicacy is ſo great, that with them
" an accuſation is as great a blot as a de-
" monſtrated crime."

" Does Conrad think then," replied Herman, " that I am deſirous of obtain-
" ing the croſs of the order?"

" I ſuppoſed ſo, becauſe I imagined,
" that we, whoſe fate is ſo ſimilar, might
" ſeek the ſame reſources."

" You deſign, then, to fix yourſelf
" here?"

" Before I anſwer your queſtion, hear
" the part of my adventures which is un-
" known to you. When the perſecution

"of the free judges conſtrained me to quit
"my caſtle, and leave an unfortunate ſiſ-
"ter without protection, fortune offered
"me, in the midſt of my afflictions, a
"treaſure, which ſhe frequently refuſes to
"her greateſt favourites: I mean a faithful
"friend . . . . . My deliverer, my dear
"John of Unna appeared, and ſaved me
"from deſpair, which was urging me to
"put an end to my days, and thus conſign
"myſelf, laden with ſins, to eternal per-
"dition.

"John of Unna! my brother?"

"Yes, he!—Anxiety and watching had
"exhauſted my ſtrength. I was ſcarcely
"three miles from my caſtle, when ſleep
"began to overpower me. It was neceſſa-
"ry that I ſhould continue my way, or loſe
"all hope of eſcape. I reached a wood,
"that, in happier days, had often lent me
"it's friendly ſhade under which to enjoy
"the pleaſures of repoſe after fatigue. I
"knew, if I went farther, I ſhould find an
"open country for many miles, where I

"must sleep in the face of day, unsheltered
"by a single tree. It is true there were
"villages and inns: but under what roof
"could a traveller like me sleep securely?
"I lay down, therefore, under the first
"tree, and fell asleep. How long I slept,
"I know not: but when I awoke, the first
"object that met my eyes was a man with
"a drawn sword. Instantly I arose, and
"put myself into a posture of defence.—
"My enemy was the strongest, and I was
"on the point of being overpowered,
"when a cavalier came up, and im-
"mediately undertook my defence.—
"This was your brother, John of Unna.
"He had never before seen me: but to
"find a man in distress was sufficient in-
"ducement with him to go to his assistance.
"My antagonist was soon obliged to
"quit the field to our united forces. I
"thanked your brother, as my guardian an-
"gel; we embraced; we told each other
"our names; and mine, though the name

"of one condemned by the ſecret tribunal, " for I was known ſo to be all over the " country, did not incite him to withdraw " from me his friendſhip.

" He treated me as a brother, and ſat " down by my ſide. . . . . . 'I, too, am a " fugitive,' ſaid he: 'I am fleeing from " my kindred, who would compel me to " embrace a way of life to which I have an " invincible repugnance. Let us repair, " then, my friend, to join the Teutonic " Knights. Their order may protect us " from violence, and lead us ſome day to " honour.' . . . . . I ſtruck hands with " him, aſſuring him, that I would follow " him any where, and we repoſed on the " graſs to make a ſlight repaſt on the pro- " viſion your brother had in his portman- " teau. We drank out of the neighbour- " ing brook: we formed projects for our " future lives; and dreamt not of the dan- " ger that might fruſtrate them. . . . . . To " that danger, the danger of death, we had " nearly fallen victims. The innocent

" was obliged to ſhare in it, becauſe he aſ-
" ſociated with the guilty. The foe, from
" whom John had delivered me, appeared
" anew, bringing with him a companion,
" that he might engage us on even terms.
" In an inſtant we were on our feet. Our
" ſabres, by an unpardonable negligence,
" we had left at ſome diſtance on the graſs;
" ſo that we had no weapons but the knives
" with which we were eating.

" The combat was very unequal, though
" one of our antagoniſts, he whom the
" firſt had brought with him, ſeemed to
" fight with reluctance. No doubt it was
" Ulric of Senden, the lover of Alicia, who
" was forced to draw his ſword againſt his
" miſtreſs's brother. He carefully avoided
" wounding me, and ſoon turned from me
" to my ſecond, who, unable to ſtand long
" againſt an enemy armed with a ſword,
" was obliged to betake himſelf to flight.
" I was them eaſily taken priſoner by the
" other who led me to Oſnabruck. I know

" not what prevented him from taking my " life on the ſpot. From my priſon I " found means to eſcape, and thus avoided " the diſgrace of an ignominious death.— " Immediately I repaired to the place " where I conjectured I ſhould find my " friend, John of Unna. Already was he " decorated with the croſs of the Teutonic " Order. Being now better acquainted " with the ſtatutes of the order, than when " we firſt met, he knew it would be impoſ- " ſible for me to obtain it, and he adviſed " me to relinquiſh my projects, and thus " avoid the ſtrict ſcrutiny that would be " made into my actions. By his advice, " alſo, I changed my name: my real one " would have expoſed me to the greateſt " dangers. My misfortune was not, like " yours, involved in obſcurity: it would " have been over with me, were I once " known to be Conrad of Langen.

" Your noble brother could not ſerve " me as he wiſhed; yet, notwithſtanding " the circumſtances that tied his hands, he

" did much in my favour. To him am I " indebted for life, for honour, for the " means of fubfiftence; nay, more, for the " opportunity of fignalizing myfelf by " glorious deeds! And, perhaps, it will not " be impoffible, by continuing to diftin- " guifh myfelf, to efface the remembrance " of my paft life.

" Some bufinefs of the order having " called your brother away, I could certain- " ly not have remained here without a pro- " tector. In that refpect you have fuppli- " ed his place; and whilft your adventures " remain unknown, your name and repu- " tation will fupport me. But, Oh! what " a man is your brother! How great and " noble a character! . . . . Friend of the " oppreffed, whom the whole world rejects " . . . A faithful guide, who has led me " into the path of virtue! Can I ever re- " pay what I owe him? Surely, no: my " life would be too little to compenfate fuch " benefits."

At theſe words Conrad melted into tears. Herman cloſely embraced him, and they conſulted together what courſe they ſhould purſue; but fortune ſparing them the trouble of carrying it into execution, the reſult of their deliberation has never reached us.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUR two knights ſhould have been more cautious in their diſcourſe. They lived in a country, where neither darkneſs nor retirement could ſecure them from treachery. Their bravery, the reſpect ſhewn them by the grand maſter and the reſt of the knights, the ſuppoſition that they were both candidates for the croſs, and that it could not be refuſed them, had excited envy. Their ruin was ſought; their ſteps were watched; and it was matter of exultation to their enemies, that their imprudence had diſcloſed things, which muſt cover them with confuſion, and drive them from a place where their preſence was unwelcome.

The grand maſter was informed of what Herman and Conrad had entruſted to each other under the veil of night. Henry

Reuſs was at bottom no great friend to the knight of fidelity; and theſe two unfortunate victims of ſecret vengeance would have been treated with ſeverity, and particularly Herman, the moſt innocent of the two, had not the count of Wirtemberg interfered.

The count and Herman had, ſince their arrival, always reſided together. They had both fought under the ſtandard of the Teutonic Knights. The former had thus a thouſand opportunities of becoming acquainted with the heroic qualities of our young hero, and began to be greatly attached to him whom he had once ſo much hated. Independently of the liberation of the count at Ratiſbon, Herman had frequently rendered him eſſential ſervices.

The count was grateful, and pleaded Herman's cauſe with ardour. Probably he would have been completely juſtified, had not the count of Wirtemberg himſelf lived in a kind of baniſhment, which was not completely done away till at leaſt a

month after, and which, for the preſent, conſiderably abated the influence of his mediation.

The terrible tribunal, which purſued Herman and Conrad, had miniſters every where. No ſooner was their ſituation known, than numbers of ſecret avengers prepared to execute the ſentence pronounced againſt them. Neither the grand maſter nor the count could ſave them from this peril.—The only favour the latter could obtain, in conſequence of the authority he had formerly enjoyed in that ſociety, and which he was ſhortly to reſume, was that Herman ſhould be conducted in ſafety to Weſtphalia, to his uncle, the old count of Unna, who, he had every reaſon to believe, would protect and favour him, even if he could not procure him juſtice.

The hopes of count Everard were not without foundation. A report prevailed, that ſome trace of the murderers of duke Frederic were diſcovered; that one of them, named Falkenberg, was already in the hands

of juſtice; and that through him there was no doubt but the reſt of the accomplices would be found out and arreſted.

"Go, my ſon," ſaid the count to Herman; "if you have not deceived me, if you "can completely juſtify yourſelf from hav-"ing borne a part in that infamous crime, "and appear as innocent in the eyes of the "public as in mine, I promiſe you the ac-"compliſhment of your deareſt wiſhes."

"What, that Ida ſhall be mine?" aſked the youth, tranſported with joy, and throwing himſelf at count Everard's feet.

"Softly, ſoftly," ſaid the old count, who ſeemed to regret, in ſome meaſure, what he had juſt ſaid. "You aſk too much.— "A knight of Unna, and a princeſs of Wir-"temberg, would be a match too diſpropor-"tionate. If, however, the count of Unna "fulfil his promiſe, and adopt you for his "ſon . . . then perhaps I ſhould not be ſo "unjuſt as to refuſe my daughter to the heir "of ſo great a name, to the ſon too of my "ancient friend."

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI

A ſmile was on the lips of Everard, as he pronounced the laſt words. Herman fell at his knees a ſecond time. "She is mine, "then," cried he; "ſhe is mine! O, my "father! how ſhall I thank you?"

"Extravagance of youth! where are the "proofs of your innocence? Who can ſay "whether your uncle will keep his word? "And, indeed, where is Ida herſelf, whom "one would ſuppoſe you had already in "your arms?"

"Ida! Ah! were ſhe at the extremity of "the globe, were ſhe in hell itſelf, I would "go thither in queſt of her. But ſhe is in a "convent in Hungary, as I am given to un-"derſtand by a letter ſhe has written to the "queen of Bohemia. I will viſit every "monaſtery in the kingdom; I will ſpare "neither prayers nor threats; I will be pro-"digal of bribes; I will employ force, if "neceſſary, till I have diſcovered her, and "brought her with me to your feet, there "to receive your benediction."

The count ſhook his head. Things that ſeem eaſy to youth appear far otherwiſe to the experience of age. Herman informed Everard, that his daughter had ben expoſed to the ſword of the ſecret tribunal, and that nothing could have ſaved her but her abode in Hungary, where ſhe was ſheltered from its purſuit. "And will not the "return of her father, re-eſtabliſhed in his "rights," added Herman, "neceſſarily pro"duce the juſtification of Ida? No, my "lord, you will not ſucceed in weakening "my hopes; be you but favourably diſpoſed "towards me, and I fear not the whole "world."

Everard and Herman parted; the former tolerably content, the latter perfectly enchanted. The count had once formed greater plans for his daughter. To ſee her ducheſs of Brunſwic, and perhaps empreſs, would, unqueſtionably, have been more flattering to his pride, than the title of counteſs of Unna; but he had already found himſelf obliged to abate ſomething of his pretenſions.

The emperor, Robert, was firmly eſtabliſhed on the throne, which the count once thought himſelf on the point of aſcending.--There was no appearance of the German princes making another choice. Every thing was ſo arranged, that, on his death, the imperial crown could not fail of deſcending to king Sigiſmond, whoſe ſucceſſor, Duke Albert of Auſtria, was too powerful to be ſupplanted by another; and what probability was there, that an old man, like count Everard, ſhould ſurvive the youthful Albert?

CHAPTER XVII.

HERMAN of Unna and Conrad of Langen were both delivered into the hands of their perfecutors. The former was treated with much indulgence, no doubt, becaufe he was fuppofed to be innocent; and the latter, though charged with numerous crimes, in fome degree participated the treatment of his friend.

Langen probably knew his fituation better than did thofe who were appointed to conduct him before his judges. He knew, that the moment he arrived at the place of his deftination, all the ancient accufations againft him would be renewed, particularly that relating to the bifhop of Ofnabruck. He knew, that he had no refource but in flight, and this had fo often fucceeded with him, that he flattered himfelf it would not fail now. Fertile in ftratagems, and not very fcrupulous in the means he employed, he

accomplished his design. One evening he embraced his friend with great emotion, spoke of the pleasure of meeting after a long separation, and . . . . the next morning he was not to be found. Strict search was made after him; but to no purpose: no one could discover what was become of him.

Herman regretted his departure, yet rejoiced that he had recovered his liberty.—Lest he should be inclined to follow Conrad's example, he was himself watched more strictly. Superfluous precaution!—Conrad had often urged him to betake himself to flight, and he had as often refused. Why should he have fled? His conscience was clear: the judge, to whom he was to be conducted, was his relation, his friend: and in most places through which he passed rumours prevailed, that gave him hopes of being completely justified. Of these his guards made no secret: for one day he was informed by them, that Falkenberg, the known assassin of the duk of Brunswic,

had denounced, as his accomplices, Werner of Hautſtein, and Henry count of Waldeck, both, as well as himſelf, in the ſervice of the elector of Mentz. Hence it was eaſy to divine on whom the ſuſpicion muſt fall; and as to Herman he was no way accuſed.

He rejoiced at theſe ſtriking proofs of his innocence. His guards were not inſenſible of them, and they propoſed to leave him at liberty to go where he pleaſed. The loyal knight ſmiled at this propoſal, *Innocence never flies*, ſaid he once more, and calmly ſuffered himſelf to be conducted to the caſtle of his uncle, the old count of Unna.

It was not as a priſoner, but as a friend, that Herman was conducted to the houſe of his relation, who received him with open arms. " What, already arrived to enjoy " your triumph ?" cried the count, as he ſaw him entering. " I have but juſt writ-" ten to Italy, to inform you of the man-" ner in which the truth has been diſcover-" ed : is it poſſible the news can have " reached you ſo ſoon ?"

The young knight acquainted his uncle with the circumſtances that occaſioned his return.

" I am happy to aſſure you," replied the count, " that the manner in which " you have been thus brought to meet your " juſtification is the laſt trouble you will " experience from a crime in which you " had no ſhare. Hautſtein, Falkenberg, " and Waldeck were the accomplices of " Hertingſhauſen, and pepetrators of the " deed. None of them accuſe you : they " all declare, on the contrary, that they " knew not your name, exccpt by having " heard Hertingſhauſen, when intoxicated, " ſay you were his enemy, and ſwear he " would be avenged of you, ſhould it coſt " him his happineſs here and hereafter.— " It is not ſurpriſing, therefore, that his " malignant diſpoſition ſuggeſted to him, " on his meeting you near Fritzlar, to ac- " cuſe you of the crime for which he ſuf- " fered. In this accuſation he perſiſted to " the laſt : and hence ſprung all your miſ- " fortunes."

Horror ſeized Herman when he heard a circumſtantial relation of the conſpiracy, to which duke Frederic fell a victim. He trembled when the names were repeated of thoſe who were concerned in the crime. . . . . "Well, and what is the puniſhment "of thoſe murderers?" ſaid he with eagerneſs.

"A fine," anſwered the count, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders: "A fine only!"

"A fine! and I was to be put to death "merely on ſuſpicion!"

"They are princes," replied the count: "you were only Herman of Unna."

The old count had a long converſation with his nephew on this event: and, Herman on his part, related his adventures amongſt the Teutonic Knights, and the promiſe made him by the count of Wirtemberg. As much as the latter part of his narrative pleaſed his uncle, ſo much did he appear diſpleaſed with the former; and, Herman was obliged to undergo a ſtrict examination on the manner in which he had lived

with his brother John. The count of Unna's hatred to the younger branch of his family was inextinguiſhable; and nothing could have preſerved his nephew, from the diſpleaſure of the old gentleman, but the aſſurance which he gave him with truth, that he had ſpoken to his brother but once.

"And what is his ſituation there?" aſked the count. "No very reſpectable one, I "preſume.

"He is grand croſs, and has a com- "mandery."

"Ah indeed! I know then to what he "owes his advancement: not to his ſer- "vices; but to the expectation that, after "my death, he will be count of Unna.— "Yet I ſhall deceive them. This John, "and the vain-glorious Bernard . . . But "they are right; as I have no child, your "family, or the empire, muſt be my heir. "Patience, however! I will chooſe one "they leaſt expect; the youngeſt, the moſt "deſpiſed of them all; him whom they

"thought to bury in the duſt of a cloiſter, "in order to raiſe themſelves at his ex- "pence."

During this ſpeech the old man's anger kindled into a flame. With a tone of aſperity he ordered Herman to withdraw, who knew not what to think, till an ancient domeſtic of the houſe, whoſe probity he had diſcovered on his firſt viſit to Unna, told him that the count, having been attacked with a dangerous diſeaſe, a few months before Herman's arrival, Bernard of Unna, and the abbeſs of Marienhagen had talked ſo publicly of their expectations, that it reached his ears, and confirmed him in the reſolution he had formed in favour of Herman.

The wrath of the count ſoon ſubſided, and the day on which Herman was ſolemnly proclaimed innocent of the crime of which he had been accuſed, he adopted him for his ſon, and declared him his heir.—Herman's gratitude for ſuch a benefit, of which no one more fully felt the impor-

tance, ſenſibly affected the old man: he thought he obſerved in the eyes of his nephew nothing but the aſtoniſhment excited by an extraordinary favour to which he had no pretenſion; and this extremely pleaſed him.

Neither was the count much miſtaken. It is true Herman expected what he had juſt obtained: his uncle's promiſe had given him the idea; and his converſation with the count of Wirtemberg had recalled it to his memory: yet was he not leſs ſurpriſed to find himſelf thus ſuddenly at the ſummit of his hopes. He knew, that he was indebted for it to no claim of right, but ſolely to the kindneſs of his uncle: and to ſee the foundations of his happineſs, of which his generous relation knew not all the extent, thus ſecurely laid, excited in him the moſt lively effuſions of gratitude.

"Yes, thou art my ſon, my only ſon," cried he, preſſing Herman to his boſom. "All the world ſhall know how much I "love thee. I am proud of thee, and by

" the ſplendor with which I will equip thee, " I will humiliate thoſe who envy thee, and " who ſo eagerly expected my death."

There appeared in theſe words ſomething myſterious: but Herman ſoon underſtood their meaning. The count gave him notice to prepare the next day to viſit his brothers and ſiſters attended by a magnificent retinue. This news afflicted his good and gentle heart. What pleaſure indeed could he feel, at being thus ſent merely to brave his family? He ſubmitted, however, to his uncle's will; after having prevailed on him, by dint of intreaties, to omit what would too ſenſibly have wounded the pride of his relations.

Agnes and Petronilla were delighted to ſee him, and ſincerely participated his happineſs. Ulric alſo threw himſelf into his arms, tranſported with joy. The abbeſs and the canoneſs made him a thouſand pious compliments; whilſt the ill-diſſembled jealouſy of Bernard and Catherine were viſible in their eyes. Herman, however,

ſtrove to ſatisfy them all by his politeneſs and ſincere expreſſions of friendſhip; but to none did he give ſo much pleaſure as to his ſiſter-in-law Alicia, to whom he brought news of her brother.

Conrad had reached Hungary without the leaſt accident. The king received him into his ſervice, though he concealed not from him ought reſpecting his ſituation: Sigiſmond was not more nice in the choice of his ſervants than of his miſtreſſes; and his queen, Barbe, ſaw with pleaſure her court increaſed by the addition of a famous knight, of whom ſhe hoped in time to make a conqueſt.

Agreeable as the ſociety of Ulric and Alicia, of Agnes and Petronilla, was to Herman, he could not long remain with them. A paſſion far ſtronger than friendſhip, his love for Ida, the deſire of diſcovering her aſylum, and his anxiety for her fate, ſoon tore him from the arms of his family.

His uncle, informed of his love and his hopes, had given him leave to depart in queſt of the princeſs. Borne on the wings of love, he arrived at Prague, hoping that the queen would acquaint him with the place of Ida's abode: but Sophia was equally anxious and ignorant of her ſituation.— Thence he flew to the houſe of honeſt Munſter, where, inſtead of the information he hoped, he found nothing but tears.

"She is in the hands of the old arch-
" biſhop," ſaid the foſterfather of Ida; "out
" of which no human force can reſcue her.
" Subinko, having loſt all his power in Bo-
" hemia, exerciſes, with the more rigour,
" what he has left in Hungary. He lives
" at the court of Sigiſmond; Barbe is his
" friend; and no one dares oppoſe him."

This was enough for Herman. His courſe was inſtantly reſolved on. He ſwore to move heaven and earth for the delivery of his miſtreſs from the perſecution to which ſhe was expoſed; and reproached himſelf for having ſo long remained eaſy reſpecting her fate. He had ſuppoſed

a convent the ſafeſt poſſible aſylum for an innocent young woman: a biſhop, he imagined, could have no other views, no other deſigns, in impriſoning an heretic, than inſtructing her, and making her renounce her errors: but he ſoon changed his opinion when he had heard Munſter. From that moment every hour appeared an age till Ida was delivered. His diſtance from her ſeemed greater every ſtep he took.— Happily Munſter accompanied him, whoſe cool judgment prevented or repaired the numerous follies to which our young knight, from his eager precipitancy, was expoſed.

The court of Hungary, deteſtable as it muſt have appeared to him by the preſence of an ungrateful king, and a wicked queen, of whom he could not think without recollecting the adventures of the caſtle of Cyly, was the place to which he would fain, on magic wings, have been inſtantaneouſly tranſported. There he expected to hear news of Ida; there awaited him a new pleaſure, which he had frequently deſired

ſince the happy iſſue of his misfortunes: Duke Albert of Auſtria was expected at Preſburg. To ſee him, to be protected, counſelled by him, and at length to ſave Ida, formed a proſpect highly pleaſing to Herman, who ſincerely reſpected the prince, and was fully convinced, that Albert would warmly eſpouſe whatever could contribute to the accompliſhment of his deſires.

On his appearance at the court of Hungary, Herman found that he was treated with far more reſpect as count of Unna, than he had been as the ſimple knight of fidelity.

Queen Barbe received him graciouſly, and had the effrontery, though ſhe knew he was acquainted with her infamous conduct, to look him boldly in the face. She was accuſtomed to ſuppoſe that others had no better memory than herſelf; and that the witneſſes of her former irregularities had forgotten them ſince her advancement.

It was painful to Herman to pay her the homage due to a queen of Hungary, recol-

lecting that ſhe to whom that honour rightly pertained was ſtill living. He retired with horror from the gaolereſs of Mary, thought he knew not a tenth part of the cruelties ſhe had inflicted on that unhappy victim of her ambition.

King Sigiſmond paid to the young count of Unna the moſt flattering attention.—No doubt he had entirely forgotten the kiſs imprinted on the lips of Barbe, with which Herman had once falſely been charged; or he muſt ſince have been accuſtomed to know, that others, beſide himſelf, were admitted to that familiarity: report at leaſt ſpoke pretty loudly, that Barbe was not very ſcrupulous on the head of gallantry, and it was almoſt impoſſible that her intrigues ſhould remain totally concealed from her huſband.

Herman was diſappointed in his expectation of finding duke Albert at Preſburg. He had gone, it was ſaid, to Klauſenburg, to ſee the princeſs Elizabeth, whence they were both ſet off to viſit the princeſs Gara

at the convent of St. Nicholas : a journey that appeared not to have given ſatisfaction at court, owing to the princeſs of Ratibor, who, in diſgrace with Sophia, and obliged to retire to the ſame convent with her daughter, had in her way paſſed thro' Preſburg, and, according to cuſtom, propagated calumnies and excited diſcontent.

Oh ! had Herman known that Gara, the friend of the young Elizabeth, was the friend alſo of Ida, and lived but a few miles from her ; and that the latter was in the moſt imminent danger, while others were enjoying happineſs for which they were indebted to her, he would inſtantly have flown to her ſuccour, and implored the aſſiſtance of all her friends to emancipate her from her frightful danger.

CHAPTER XVIII.

QUEEN MARY, as the reader has ſeen, had been liberated from her long and ſevere captivity. Already ſhe taſted the delicious ſatisfaction of being once more in the company of the princeſs Gara, and expected, with impatience, the happy moment, when ſhe ſhould fold her child in her arms. A meſſenger had been ſecretly diſpatched to Elizabeth with the news. Duke Albert, who was then at Klauſenburg, immediately ſet off with her, to convince himſelf with his own eyes of the almoſt incredible deliverance of Mary. At the period of the hiſtory at which we are arrived, the interview between the mother and daughter had taken place. After the firſt tranſports of joy were over, their ſpirits being a little calmed, they gave themſelves up to the ſweet pleaſure of reflecting on their happineſs. Yet it would be wrong to ſuppoſe, that in

theſe delightful moments, ſhe who had occaſioned them was forgotten: had every one elſe been capable of ſuch forgetfulneſs, it was impoſſible that the heart of the queen ſhould harbour ſuch ingratitude. She ſpoke to her daughter, with enthuſiaſm, of the princeſs of Wirtemberg, and prayed duke Albert to deviſe ſome means of reſcuing her, whom ſhe called her only deliverer, her tutelary angel. Albert and Eliza bluſhed. Why the former did ſo, we knew not: the bluſh of the latter no doubt aroſe from a ſecret ſhame at having received the greateſt benefit from a perſon, whom, through the inſinuations of a perfidious friend, ſhe had once ſo unjuſtly hated.

The princeſs Gara remarked the emotion of Elizabeth, and obſerved, that neither force nor cunning could reſcue Ida, and that the conſent of the archbiſhop alone could reſtore her to liberty. To obtain this, therefore, every probable ſtep was immediately taken: though the particular reaſons of Subinko for detaining her in priſon were not yet known to them, the deli-

cate Ida having never explained herſelf fully, on that head, even to Mary.

In the mean time Herman could not avoid experiencing a ſecret inquietude reſpecting the fate of his miſtreſs: but how much greater would have been his anxiety, had he known the ſad ſituation in which ſhe was, and the inefficacy of the means employed to deliver her. In a fortnight ſhe was to pronounce her vows. The archbiſhop anſwered duke Albert's letter in favour of the princeſs of Wirtemberg, in an equivocal manner: this anſwer demanded a reply; and thus Subinko imagined he ſhould ſpin out the affair, till ſhe had irrevocably dedicated herſelf to God, and an inſurmountable barrier, which would effectually deſtroy the happineſs of Herman, was placed between her and the world.

One evening as Herman ſat alone abſorbed in thought, and revolving in his mind a variety of ſchemes for the diſcovery of Ida, the door opened, and a perſon entered, whom he ſuppoſed to be at the court

of Sigiſmond, but whom he had ſought with eagerneſs without being able to find him.

“ Conrad, dear Conrad !” cried Herman, running to him with open arms, “ you arrive at one of the moſt perplexing “ moments of my life, to conſole, perhaps “ to aſſiſt me.”

“ Would it were in my power !” anſwered Conrad, taking off his hat and ſword, and throwing himſelf into a chair : “ but I am “ come with the utmoſt ſpeed to inform “ you, that there are no farther hopes.”

Herman ſtood before his friend, his arms hanging lifeleſs by his ſide, and his eyes wildly ſtaring, as if he had juſt heard pronounced the ſentence of his death ; when he ſuddenly recollected, that the ſad news Conrad had to impart to him might not relate to Ida.

“ What have you to tell me,” ſaid he at laſt, “ in which I am concerned ? I am “ indifferent to every thing but Ida, and of “ her you ſurely know nothing.”

“ Yet it is of her, and her only, I have “ to ſpeak. I am juſt arrived from the

"place where ſhe is detained, from the convent of St. Anne, to tell you that all is over, that ſhe is loſt to you, if . . . . but how is it poſſible to accompliſh, in a few days, what has employed me whole weeks in vain?"

"You know then her abode; you bring me news of her: yet you pretend ſhe is raviſhed from me for ever! impoſſible! impoſſible! happineſs and miſery at once!—I tell you it cannot be, ſince we know where ſhe is, ſhe muſt be ſaved; ſhe muſt, or we muſt both periſh."

Herman, as he uttered theſe words, caught up his ſword, and cried to his people to come and arm him.

"Be perſuaded once for all," reſumed Conrad, forcing him to ſit down on his chair, "that I have done every thing which it is poſſible for man to do."

"But did you not ſay, that in a few days there would be no remedy? We have not then a moment to loſe. Let us fly, let us fly inſtantly, to her ſuccour."

" But what could you do?—Do you
" even know in what her danger confifts?
" —Do you know any thing more than the
" name of the convent in which fhe dwells?
" Let me affure you that any ftep you
" could take to night would be ufelefs.—It
" is neceffary, that you fhould firft wait the
" refult of a new attempt I have made;
" and you have nothing to do, for the pre-
" fent, but ferioufly attend to the account
" I am going to give you of your miftrefs."

Herman walked up and down the room almoft befide himfelf. The reprefentations of Conrad at length prevailed on him to abftain from fetting off at a venture, without knowing what meafures were neceffary to his fuccefs, if indeed any hope of fuccefs were left.

" Tell me then;" cried he with eagernefs: " you fee I am calm; calm enough
" to hear any thing you have to fay."

... MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWA...

CHAPTER XIX.

"YOU remember," ſaid Conrad, "how I
"parted from you on the frontiers of Ger-
"many. You refuſed to fly with me; my
"preſence was of no ſervice to you; and I
"knew that elſewhere it might be uſeful.

"My thoughts were occupied with your
"Ida.—'Herman,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'will
"arrive at his uncle's, his innocence will be
"acknowledged, and nothing will be want-
"ing to his happineſs but the poſſeſſion of
"her he loves. How ſad an employment,
"ſhould he be obliged to ſeek her, and per-
"haps long ſeek her in vain? now, Conrad,
"an opportunity offers of repaying his
"kindneſs, undertake this taſk for him.—
"What triumph, if thou canſt reſtore to
"thy friend his intended bride, before he
"conſiders it as an event barely poſſible.'

"At firſt the only light I had to guide
"my ſteps was, that Ida was in a convent in

" Hungary. I tarried no longer at Prague " than was neceſſary to get farther informa- " tion. There I learnt, that the archbiſhop " had carried off the princeſs of Wirtemberg " under pretence of hereſy, and perhaps " on account of a pair of bright eyes which " had captivated him; for different perſons " gave different characters of Subinko, and " God knows which were in the right.

" At the demand of Sophia, Winceſ- " laus had baniſhed Subinko from Bohemia, " and the prelate was gone to reſide in " Hungary, at the court of Sigiſmond.— " This was enough to induce me with all " ſpeed to repair thither.

" I found no difficulty in being admit- " ted into the king's ſervice: an honour " which I deſired at bottom only as a means " of acceſs to the archbiſhop, which I ob- " tained with equal eaſe. I formed an ac- " quaintance with ſome of his domeſtics; " I drank with them, and amuſed them with " ſtories of my campaigns. You know how " much the attendants of a biſhop, who

"have feen no fervice, and been expofed "to no dangers themfelves, love to hear "the hair-breadth efcapes of others.

"My fcheme fucceeded to a marvel. "The men became communicative, and, "diffatisfied with their mafter, told me "more than I wifhed to known. My only "aim was to difcover the retreat of the "princefs of Wirtemberg, which by in-"direct queftions I effected. I learnt from "them that the archbifhop had been to fee "her at the convent of St. Nicholas, which "he quitted in very ill homour, and fwore, "before his valet de chambre, that he "would never fee her again till fhe had ta-"ken the veil. Ida fince that had been "removed to St. Anne's, and the year of "her noviciate was nearly expired.

"I had formed a more particular inti-"macy with one of the archbifhop's cava-"liers. He was a man from whom any "thing might be obtained by means of "money and promifes. To Rudger, the "attraction of a handful of gold was irre-

"fiftible: he promifed to conduct me to "St. Anne's, and to do whatever I defired "him.

"When we reached the convent, I told "him my purpofe of carrying off Ida. I "was at firft afraid, that the rape of a nun "would ftartle him: but I foon found that "he was ufed to fuch expeditions. In his "youth he had affifted at more adventures "than one of that kind: and he boafted "of having formerly himfelf had an in-"trigue with a lay-fifter in this felf-fame "convent, which, though it did not indeed "terminate in carrying off the fair, had ex-"pofed him to more rifk, during the year "it continued, than if he had ventured at "once on fo bold a meafure.

"He informed me, that near the wall "of the burying ground was an old tree, "which ufed to cover fome breaches in it, "by which, with proper caution, eafy ac-"cefs might be had to the convent. There "he faid he would reconnoitre, and en-"deavour to get fome information refpect-

" ing the interiour of the convent; for
" amongſt thoſe who have renounced the
" world, there are always individuals with
" whom connexions may be formed; the
" caterers, door-keepers, and the like, are
" not incorruptible, and a few trifling pre-
" ſents will not fail of ſeducing them.

" Rudger ſoon returned, and brought
" me good news. Happily for the poor
" nuns, the breaches in the wall remained
" as they were ten years before. He had
" learned that Ida was commonly in the in-
" firmary, the windows of which looked
" into the burying-ground, and that ſhe
" ſometimes took a nocturnal walk among
" the tombs, which was favourable to our
" enterprize.

" One doubt remained, which was, that
" I was unacquainted with the perſon of
" her whom I was deſirous of carrying off;
" a difficulty which my truſty companion
" ſoon removed, by aſſuring me, that he
" knew the princeſs. 'I was one of the
" attendants,' ſaid he, 'who accompanied

" her to St. Anne's. Her ſlender and ma-
" jeſtic ſhape will diſtinguiſh her at once;
" and the moment we have removed her
" veil, her angelic countenance will diſ-
" pel every doubt.' "

At theſe words Herman ſighed. Who, indeed, could have once beheld the charms of Ida, and heard them mentioned without emotion?

Conrad continued: " To convince me
" of the truth of what he had aſſerted,
" Rudger introduced me that very even-
" ing into the cemetery. We eaſily ſcaled
" the wall. His plan was good, but I pre-
" tended to doubt it the more to excite
" him to ſurmount all difficulties. I ſuc-
" ceeded in this, and he himſelf encouraged
" me, and endeavoured to perſuade me of
" the facility of the enterpriſe. He was ex-
" tremely preſſing for me to uſe diſpatch,
" as the archbiſhop was ſoon to make his
" viſitation, and it would probably not be
" long before Ida took the veil. He gave
" me hopes, that it would perhaps be poſ-

" ſible to carry off the princeſs on the day
" of an approaching feſtival, when the nuns
" enjoyed more liberty than uſual : but I
" was ſtill of opinion, that it was abſolutely
" neceſſary to acquaint Ida with our de-
" ſigns, in order to inſure their execution.

" ' Would it take much time,' ſaid I to
" him, ' to cut through a few bars of the
" window ? We could then gain admittance
" to her, acquaint her with our ſcheme,
" and carry her off at once, or at leaſt make
" the neceſſary arrangement.'

" To this Rudger ſtarted ſome objec-
" tions. We returned again to the cemetery,
" to make further obſervations, when we
" ſaw ſomething white paſs by us, that va-
" niſhed like lightning through a door which
" we had not obſerved to be open, and
" which immediately ſhut with ſome
" noiſe.

" ' What is that ?' ſaid I to my com-
" panion with ſurpriſe. ' Let me die,' ſaid
" he, ' if it was not ſhe herſelf. I am ſure
" of it from her ſhape, and the lightneſs of

" her ſtep: the nuns of this convent have " long ago loſt all their alertneſs.'

" 'How unlucky,' exclaimed I, 'that " we have miſſed ſo fair an opportunity! " we ſhall never be bleſſed with ſuch " another.'

" 'Come, come,' ſaid he, do not de- " ſpair. We may be more ſucceſsful to- " morrow.'

" We left the burying place, with de- " ſign to return thither the next night; " which we did; but to our extreme regret " we found that the wall behind the tree " had been conſiderably heightened. It " was plain that our ſcheme was ſuſpected, " and that meaſures were taken to coun- " teract it. Some breaches, however, ſtill " remained: poſſibly they had not been " obſerved, or they might have been left " by deſign.

" We entered boldly, reſolved to riſk " every thing to accompliſh our purpoſe. " We aſcended to the window of the infir- " mary; though we miſſed our guide, the

"lamp which usually burnt there. Acci-
"dent, we thought, might have extinguish-
"ed it, and at any rate darkness was favour-
"able to our design.

"Having cut through the bars, we en-
"tered the chamber. Conceive our de-
"spair, when we found it empty. There
"was neither nurse nor patient; all had
"disappeared, and the door that commu-
"nicated with the convent was firmly se-
"cured. We returned sorrowfully as we
"came, convinced that we were disco-
"vered.

"On the festival of St. Nicholas, when,
"as Rudger assured me, the nuns of the
"convent enjoyed more liberty, and there
"was some probability of our being able
"to meet with the princess, we made an-
"other attempt.

"We concealed ourselves, and were on
"the watch all day. Many of the nuns
"came in our way, but none that were for
"our purpose. At length, towards even-
"ing, we preceived one whose figure per-

"suaded us it was Ida. We rushed on "her, and conducted her away, without "her uttering a single cry. She was half "up the ladder, when, luckily, her veil fell "off, and discovered to us a face so desti- "tute of the bewitching charms of Ida's, "as described to me by Rudger, that we "had nearly betrayed ourselves by a cry of "astonishment.

"We quitted our prize, cursed our "fate, and hastened away; not, indeed, "renouncing our project, but disposed to "undertake something still more daring "and rash. Fortune at this period brought "to my aid a man wonderfully calculated "to assist me in my undertaking. It was "my old and faithful Walter, who, being "disengaged from his oaths, could openly "advice and serve me. He knew Ida, "and wished to save her, though his inven- "tion was not very fertile in stratagems: "mine, indeed, he frequently termed rash, "yet he was always ready to second me in "their execution.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S

"To recount all the means we employ-
"ed would be tedious; but inftead of fuc-
"ceeding I fear they have contributed to
"render the fate of the princefs more fe-
"vere, and her deliverance next to impof-
"fible."

Conrad had fcarcely finifhed thefe words, when Herman ftarted from his feat and exclaimed: "Madman, that thou art,
"thou pretendeft to ferve me, and by thy
"impatience haft ruined me. Tell me,
"tell me this inftant, where is Ida? I will
"yet, I will yet fave her."

Langen had great difficulty to calm his friend, and induce him to hear his recital to the end. "In fhort," refumed he, "let
"me tell you then, that I formed the de-
"fign of fetting fire to the convent, and
"of availing myfelf of the confufion to
"carry off Ida.

"Rudger and Walter, my companions,
"had more judgment than I; and the
"fcheme was fo modified, and changed,
"that finally we determined to kindle a

" little ſtraw, and other combuſtibles eaſy
" to be extinguiſhed, in one of the courts
" of the convent, at which we could arrive
" through the cemetery.

" This we carried into execution. The
" flames aſcended into the air in a terrible
" manner. With a hollow voice Rudger
" gave the alarm of fire. All the nuns
" were rouſed; all the cells opened.—
" Once more, during the tumult, we laid
" hold of a nun, whom, in the dark, we
" took for the princeſs. Walter in the
" mean time extinguiſhed the fire and fol-
" lowed us. We took off the veil of the
" nun, who had fainted, and found our-
" ſelves a ſecond time miſtaken. We left
" her in the cemetery and fled.

" The conſequence of ſo bold an at-
" tempt were certainly to be dreaded. To
" terrify the nuns by ſetting fire to their
" convent, to carry off one of them, and
" then contemptuouſly to deſert her, were
" too many inſults for one time. The
" whole neighbourhood reſounded with

" outcries againſt the ſacrilegious robbers, " and we ſhould certainly have been torn " to pieces had we been ſuſpected. Thus " all further attempts became impracticable. " The convent of St. Anne was guarded " by armed men, and the report was ſpread, " that the nuns well knew who was the oc- " caſion of theſe attempts, and that they " would ſoon get rid of her, by ſending " her to ſome diſtant and unknown con- " vent, where it would be impoſſible to " find her.

" I cannot better deſcribe the deſpair " into which this news threw me, than by " comparing it to that which I read at this " moment in your eyes."

In fact Herman was no longer maſter of himſelf; yet could he not utter a ſingle word; and Conrad finiſhed his narrative without interruption.

" Fortunately," continued he, " Rud- " ger diſcovered that duke Albert of Auſtria " was at the neighbouring convent of St. " Nicholas, to which he had accompanied

" the princeſs Elizabeth. Knowing, from " your ſtory, the duke's friendſhip both for " you and Ida, I haſtened to him, gave an " account of every thing, and aſked his ad- " vice and aſſiſtance.

" He had already taken many ſteps in " Ida's favour. What I related to him " heightened the danger in his eyes; yet " he immediately took meaſures both to " aſcertain her ſituation, and find means of " delivering her. Having learnt that ſhe " was ſtill at St. Anne's, the duke diſpatch- " ed me with a preſſing letter to the arch- " biſhop; a letter which he conceives muſt " have a good effect, unleſs the prelate be " determined to riſk every thing. To " execute the commiſſion am I come hither. " Could a more truſty or expeditious " courier have been choſen?"

" And what effect has this letter pro- " duced?" ſaid Herman in a tone of deſpair.

" The anſwer I received was very ſin- " gular," replied Conrad: " The day which " is faſt approaching will inform us what

"we are to think of it. I found every "thing in confuſion in the archbiſhop's "palace; and nothing leſs than the name "of the duke of Auſtria would have gained "my packet admittance. I was aſſured, "that his holineſs was extremely ill, and "incapable of reading a letter, much more "of anſwering one.

"I inſiſted, however, on not quitting "the palace without an anſwer for the "duke. At length the grand almoner "made his appearance, and informed me "that the archbiſhop was really very ill, "but, however things went, that I ſhould "have an anſwer early in the morning.— "I then came to you. The ſervant, who "let me out, confidently aſſured me, that "the archbiſhop was at the point of death, "and could not poſſibly live to ſee the day: "an event, which, I am perſuaded, will "be of no advantage to our affair."

"Why not? Ida's perſecutor dead, who "will oppoſe her liberation?"

"Do you know the ſucceſſor of Subin-"ko? . . . . New comers generally defend

"the rights of the church more obstinately
"than those who have been long in place."

"We shall at least have no private interest to combat relative to Ida. And if, as has been generally presumed, the covetous Albikus succeed, from his venal disposition I have every thing to hope. . . . . O Conrad, your news you thought, would be death to me; on the contrary it restores me to life and happiness!"

Thus did the two friends spend the night without sleep, revolving in their minds the past, and forming projects for the future. It is true they reckoned upon an event which generous minds seldom take into their calculations; but, as the death of the archbishop would be a happy circumstance for a number of persons groaning under oppression, the friends of Ida were surely excusable, and fortune, accordingly, effected the accomplishment of their wish.

In the morning they heard, that Subinko had finished his detestable career, and that Albikus would be his successor.—

The new archbiſhop reſided at Prague, and Herman's reſolution was ſoon taken.

"Repair with all ſpeed," ſaid he to Conrad, "to the place where my Ida is "impriſoned; and watch, that ſhe do not "eſcape me, that ſhe be not ſecretly con-"veyed to ſome place where it will require "ages for me to find her. I ſhall myſelf "fly to Prague, to the new archbiſhop, of "whom money will purchaſe every thing, "and ſhall offer him, for her enlargement, "all I poſſeſs, nay all of which I may "hope the poſſeſſion. The count of Wir-"temberg, who ere this is at the court of "king Winceſlaus, will ſecond my wiſhes. "If I ſucceed, I will ſoon be with you.— "Her father, duke Albert, and you, who "are all dear to her as well as to me, ſhall "then join me, to lead her in triumph "from her horrible dungeon."

The ſpirits of Herman were elevated to the higheſt pitch. His reſolution had been formed with the quickneſs of lightning; and with equal rapidity was it put in execution.

CHAPTER XX.

THE anxiety of Herman and Conrad was but too well founded. The ſituation of the princeſs of Wirtemberg ſince we left her had every day grown worſe.

The attempts made to carry her off came not, as has been ſeen, from the archbiſhop, but from Conrad of Langen, who, to ſerve his friend, had employed all poſſible means, prudent or imprudent.

His ſchemes, however, would have infallibly ſucceeded, had he acted with leſs precipitancy, or had they not been oppoſed by her who might have favoured them.—But Ida believed Subinko to be the author of this enterpriſe; and, beſides, had ſhe even been informed of the benevolent hand that wiſhed to free her from her dungeon, her principles would probably have revolted at ſuch a mode of deliverance. To eſcape from a convent, to elope from it with a ſtranger, however conſidered, muſt ſhock

the delicacy of a modeſt young woman, and might irretrievably ſtain her reputation.

Ida neither expected nor hoped for deliverance, but through the ſolicitations of her friends. She knew not how cold and indifferent was common friendſhip, when ſacrifices are to be made. Elizabeth and the princeſs Gara, her new acquaintance, happy in the poſſeſſion of Mary, employed all their cares in re-eſtabliſhing her health. When they thought of Ida, they quieted their apprehenſions for her fate, by the hope that it would ſoon change, and thus ſpared themſelves the trouble of any exertion to meliorate it.

The queen, it is true, had the name of her deliverer always in her mouth; but they endeavoured to tranquillize her, by hopes of which ſhe could not know the ſlighteſt foundation.

Duke Albert, the ardent admirer of Ida, was obliged to conceal his anxiety, leſt he ſhould rekindle in the heart of his future

bride thoſe embers of jealouſy which were yet ſcarcely extinguiſhed. There was no one but Conrad, therefore, the imprudent Conrad, who engaged with ardor in our heroine's cauſe, though, alas! with little ſucceſs.

The laſt ſtratagem to which he had recourſe, occaſioned the utmoſt tumult in the convent. The whole community united againſt it's innocent cauſe. All the nuns exclaimed. "What! daily new alarms! "cells forced! nuns raviſhed! the houſe ſet "on fire! muſt we all then become the "victims of one? Let her depart from "theſe holy walls; let her be ſent to ſome "remote place, where no one can diſcover "her, there to undergo rigid penances, "capable of expiating the evils we have "ſuffered on her account." Such was the unanimous deſire of theſe pious maidens.

The abbeſs, aſſured that Ida was far from conſenting to the raſh wiſhes of thoſe who had attempted to violate the ſacred incloſure of the convent, and believing that

ſhe had at length inſpired her with a taſte for a life which ſhe at firſt abhorred, would willingly have protected her. But even the attachment ſhe manifeſted in her favour, rendered her doubly odious to the ſiſters, to whom it was an object of envy. They inſiſted, therefore, on the novice's removal to another houſe, that they might avoid the misfortunes of which her preſence might ſtill be the occaſion.

The princeſs was obliged to keep herſelf cloſely confined in her cell, and was forbidden to appear in the choir. By degrees ſuſpicions were inſinuated into the mind of the abbeſs. "Is it ſo very cer-
"tain," ſaid they, "that ſhe is innocent of
"what has been done on he raccount?—
"May not her repugnance to be carried
"away be a feint? And may ſhe not be in
"concert with theſe bold men, who, if
"ſhe remain here, will, ſooner or later, be
"the ruin of our houſe?"

Accuſations like theſe had not the leaſt ſhadow of probability, yet were they liſten-

ed to, and at length produced, what is called in convents a grand interrogatory.

Ida was ſummoned; a thouſand queſtions were put to her, which ſhe anſwered in a manner to producec onviction of her innocence, and to humble her enemies; one only excepted, to which it was impoſſible for her to make the reply which her ſituation ſeemed to require, and her ſincerity was her ruin.

How, indeed, could the princeſs anſwer in the affirmative, when aſked if ſhe thought herſelf really called, if ſhe where ready to take the veil without reluctance, and if ſhe preferred the convent of St. Anne to all the pleaſures of the world? Was there even among her judges a ſingle individual, who, from the bottom of her heart, could have ſaid yes to ſuch a queſtion? Ida avowed, therefore, with frankneſs, that the means only employed to deliver her, and the place to which ſhe was probably to have been conducted, were diſpleaſing to her; and that, but for theſe,

ſhe would return with joy to the world, and ſhould be happy to ſee her friends.— She, beſides, ſolemnly declared, that, if ſhe made her vows, neceſſity alone would compel her to it, as ſhe felt not the ſmalleſt inclination for a religious life.

At theſe words the whole community was tranſported with pious rage, and the term hypocrite iſſued at once from every mouth. She was reproached with having, not long ſince, held a different language, or of having, by her ſilence, at leaſt, given reaſon to ſuppoſe, that ſhe would willingly remain at St. Anne's. Ida ſhrugged up her ſhoulders, and held her peace. No doubt ſhe had appeared ſatisfied with her dungeon, from attachment to Mary, that ſhe might ſuccour and ſave that unfortunate queen. How could ſhe confeſs this? and what indeed would it have availed her, to enter into an explanation of her conduct?

"You ſay nothing," ſaid the abbeſs . . . "There is ſome myſtery in this which we "cannot penetrate."

"And what does ſhe mean," added one of the ſiſters, "by the place to which ſhe "was afraid of being conducted, had the "men ſucceeded in carrying her off? . . . "She knew the place, then—Is not this "a proof, that ſhe has ſome ſecret intelli- "gence with perſons out of the convent?"

The princeſs being rigorouſly enjoined to explain herſelf fully on this head, at laſt found herſelf obliged to name the archbiſhop, and own the deſigns he had manifeſted reſpecting her.

This confeſſion at once determined the ſentence to be pronounced on her. "Abo- "minable ſlanderer," cried the abbeſs, "thou art unworthy to live. 'Tis an ab- "ſolute impoſſibility, that a man ſo holy, "a prelate ſo aged, ſo rigidly devout, "could be tempted by the worldly charms "of ſuch a ſinner." As ſhe ſaid this, ſhe turned, with an air of diſdain, from the princeſs, and ordered her to be immediately confined in the place appropriated for ſuch criminals.

Accordingly Ida was conveyed to one of thoſe ſubterranean dungeons, veſtiges of which are yet to be ſeen in the majority of convents; though, in thoſe days, no doubt, they were far more terrible than any that ſubſiſt at preſent. Her conductors were the two nuns who had like to have been carried off in her ſtead, and who had ſhewn themſelves moſt eager for her condemnation, deſirous of avenging on her the diſgrace of being rejected with contempt, when almoſt delivered from the precincts of their convent.

Ida's impriſonment was interrupted only by a new interrogatory. The archbiſhop, poſſibly feeling a preſage of approaching death, came that day to viſit St. Anne's, and knowing nothing of what had paſſed, he demanded a private converſation with the young novice. This the abbeſs, who appeared to have great influence over his mind, thought proper to refuſe; and ordered Ida to be brought before him in preſence of the whole community.

The princeſs was obliged to repeat what ſhe had already declared; which ſhe did with courage and diſcretion, obſerving, that what related to the attempt to carry her off was purely conjectural.

The eyes of Subinko ſparkled with rage and indignation. He proved at leaſt, with reſpect to the latter point, the falſhood of the accuſation againſt him, and Ida was reconducted to her priſon.

The nuns were now ordered to withdraw, and leave the archbiſhop alone with the abbeſs. What paſſed on this occaſion between theſe pious perſonages has not tranſpired: but it is certain that the prelate ſoon quitted the convent, and apparently in the greateſt agitation. Perhaps the rights of the abbeſs authorized her to tell him, without diſguiſe, certain ſevere truths, the ſhock of which his feeble frame was inadequate to ſuſtain, and which had the moſt ſerious conſequences on the old gentleman's health.

He had quitted Prefburg in fecret, and as fecretly did he return thither. The report of his illnefs was foon fpread; and it was not long before the news of his death was made public; which gave the friends of Ida hopes of effecting her deliverance.

In the mean time the fituation of the princefs of Wirtemberg daily grew worfe. The abbefs appeared to hate her mortally. A few words dropped occafionally from her jailers, that infpired her with the utmoft terror. From them fhe had reafon to fufpect, that there was an intention of fhutting her up in a cavern that had formerly been dug beneath the very foundations of the convent. Of this fearful abode Ida had frequently heard: for twenty years it had never been ufed; and fhe had new reafon to fear that fhe would be the firft unhappy wretch deftined to finifh her days in it.

She was on the brink of giving way to defpair. There were moments in which her fenfes were entirely loft . . . . "Alas!" faid fhe in her lucid intervals, "I am abandon-

" ed, then, by all the world ! . . . Herman !
" Albert ! Mary ! my father ! no one, no
" one comes to my aſſiſtance."

She was no longer interrogated. Every inſtant ſhe trembled, leſt the abbeſs ſhould come to remove her from her dungeon to this terrible cavern. One day, when cruelly tormented by this apprehenſion, ſhe heard the door open: the abbeſs appeared; Ida fainted at the ſight of her.

" I muſt ſee her myſelf," cried the holy matron . . . . " Where is ſhe? . . . Good
" God, what an accident ! . . . Senſeleſs on
" the ground ! . . . Perhaps dead ! . . . God
" forbid ! O St. Anne, have pity on us !—
" Take her up quickly, and convey her to
" one of the chambers above."

" Holy mother," ſaid one of the ſiſters, who accompanied her, " let her remain in
" peace where ſhe is. If dead, it may be
" well: the dead, you know, tell no
" tales."

" True. But what a terrible ſpectacle!
" her emaciated body will bear teſtimony

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWA

"against us. . . . . . . Let us ſee, however.
". . . . Ah, ſhe breathes! ſhe is yet alive.
"Take her inſtantly away, and give her
"every poſſible aſſiſtance."

After remaining a whole hour inſenſible, Ida came to herſelf. She was aſtoniſhed to perceive a clean and well lighted chamber. Fancying herſelf in a dream, ſhe endeavoured to riſe from the bed of down, on which ſhe had been placed. It was the bed of the abbeſs herſelf.

"Be ſtill, be ſtill, my dear daughter," ſaid the abbeſs, who ſat at the bedſide, anxiouſly feeling her pulſe.

"Where am I?" ſaid the princeſs.

"In the midſt of your friends. The
"term of your trial is finiſhed. Yes, we
"wiſhed not to puniſh, but to try you.—
"You know how much you were beloved
"by us."

Ida turned impatiently to the other ſide of the bed.

"She wants reſt," ſaid the abbeſs to one of the nuns. "I will leave her to

" make the neceſſary preparations. Let
" her want for nothing, and call me when
" ſhe awakes."

The princeſs had indeed need of reſt, of tranquillity, though not of ſleep. What paſſed around her, too much engaged her attention for her to think of ſleeping. Her weakneſs would not yet permit her to talk: ſhe preſſed the hand of the nun who ſat by her, fixed her languid eyes on the face of her compaſſionate nurſe, which was wet with tears. She was one of Ida's friends, one of thoſe whom her generous care had ſnatched from the jaws of death.

" What means this change?" ſaid the princeſs, after ſome time.

The nun made a ſign for her to be ſilent, and crept ſoftly to the door, to ſee if any one were liſtening.

" To-morrow," ſaid ſhe, returning to the ſide of the bed, " we expect our new
" archbiſhop, who is coming with the
" count of Wirtemberg, duke Albert, and
" the count of Unna, to deliver from the

"convent a young lady who is unfortu-"nate but not guilty."

Ida had never heard of the archbiſhop's death, conſequently could not comprehend his having a ſucceſſor: her father, ſhe ſuppoſed to be at a great diſtance; and of the count of Unna ſhe knew nothing. She was far from ſuſpecting, that the perſon in queſtion was her beloved Herman. Taking, therefore, what was ſaid for a dream, ſhe cloſed her eyes the longer to enjoy it.

Soon, however, ſhe opened them again, and put a freſh queſtion to her companion. The nun made no anſwer, but pointed to the door. A moment after the abbeſs appeared.

"Have you ſlept, my child?" ſaid ſhe.

"She has but this moment awaked," anſwered the nun.

"Sleep, ſleep, my dear," continued the abbeſs. "Thoſe pale cheeks muſt regain "their bloom againſt to-morrow: thoſe "languid eyes muſt ſparkle with their uſual "vivacity. You do not know whom you

"will ſee . . . . a father . . . . a friend . . .
"a . . . . a . . . . what ſhall I ſay?"

The pious lips of the abbeſs refuſed to utter the word lover, which was on the tip of her tongue. Ida had heard enough however, to be tranſported with joy.

"It is then, it is really true!" cried ſhe, claſping her hands together.

"What means this tranſport of joy? have "you already been informed of the news?"

"No, no; but I have been dreaming "of ſuch an event."

The abbeſs anſwered, that heaven frequently held a communication with the virtuous during their ſleep. "I too dreamt," added ſhe, "that you muſt be made to "undergo trials, and very ſevere ones, in "order to give you a more exquiſite ſen-"ſation of happineſs."

Out of reſpect to this dream, and the long exhortations that were made her to be reconciled, to keep the ſecrets of the convent, and to think only of her future felicity, the princeſs promiſed not to diſcloſe the

ills ſhe had endured, to forego all thoughts of revenge, and to endeavour to perſuade herſelf, that what ſhe had ſuffered was meant, as the abbeſs had ſaid, as a trial, not as a puniſhment; and was the effect of friendſhip, not the conſequence of hatred.

The happy day, the day of a union ſo long wiſhed for, at length began to dawn. So much had been ſaid to Ida of her happineſs, that ſhe became inſenſibly familiarized to the idea. Reſtoratives, liberally adminiſtered, had given her ſufficient ſtrength to riſe, and be led to meet her friends.— She might be compared to a beautiful roſe a little withered, and juſt revived by the morning dew. By turns ſhe received expreſſions of affection from her father, and from her lover. What appellations of endearment were interchanged! what queſtions put! what emotions felt! With difficulty could Herman and Ida ſupport their ecſtaſy. The joy of the count of Wirtemberg was ſcarcely ſhort of theirs; duke Albert turned aſide to conceal a tear; and the

archbiſhop Albikus was ſo pleaſed with the preſent he had received for the princeſs's liberty, that he offered to marry her to the count of Unna on the ſpot. But this the abbeſs obſtinately oppoſed. "How horrid," ſaid ſhe, "to think of performing ſuch a "ceremony within the ſacred walls of a "convent?"

Next day the princeſs of Wirtemberg found herſelf in the arms of Mary, Elizabeth, and Roſe Gara: ſhe had the pleaſure alſo of embracing Munſter, and teſtifying her gratitude to the generous Conrad.—What exceſs of happineſs! To paint it, who will dare take the pencil?

At length Herman eſpouſed his beloved Ida. He preſented her to his reſpected uncle; he introduced her to the acquaintance of the reſt of his family; of Alicia, of Agnes, and of Petronilla. Ulric of Senden became her friend. John of Unna appeared alſo to ſhare his brother's happineſs; and Herman ſucceeded in reconciling him to the old count.

We are unable to give the reader farther particulars, the latter part of our manuscript being illegible. Two leaves only have escaped the ravages of time. In the first is a letter from Mrs. Munster to her husband, dated in the year 1419, which informs us, that the young countess of Unna had just been delivered of a son. Ida was then at the court of her friend, queen Sophia. It was the last year that Sophia wore the crown: become a widow, by the death of Winceslaus, she retired to a convent, in hopes of there finding that repose she had vainly sought on a throne.

In the second leaf is an invitation from Herman, count of Unna, to Alicia of Senden, and her husband Ulric, to come to Ratisbon to be sponsors for his second son. From which it appears, that Bernard and Catherine were both dead, and that fortune had thus taken care to unite, after a long series of unhappiness, two virtuous beings, who had so little deserved to be separated.

We find alſo a few fragments, which indicate, that Herman, by the advice of his father-in-law and uncle, had determined to enter into that ſociety, which had given his paſt life ſo many alarms. An anecdote which will appear by no means improbable; if we conſider, that, at that period, whoever would put his life in ſurety, muſt be linked, either in his own perſon, or by means of ſome dependant, to that formidable chain which, while it encircled all, was inviſible to every eye.

THE END.